

MACLEAN'S

JULY 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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By BLAIR FRASER

Home-The Last Sweatshop
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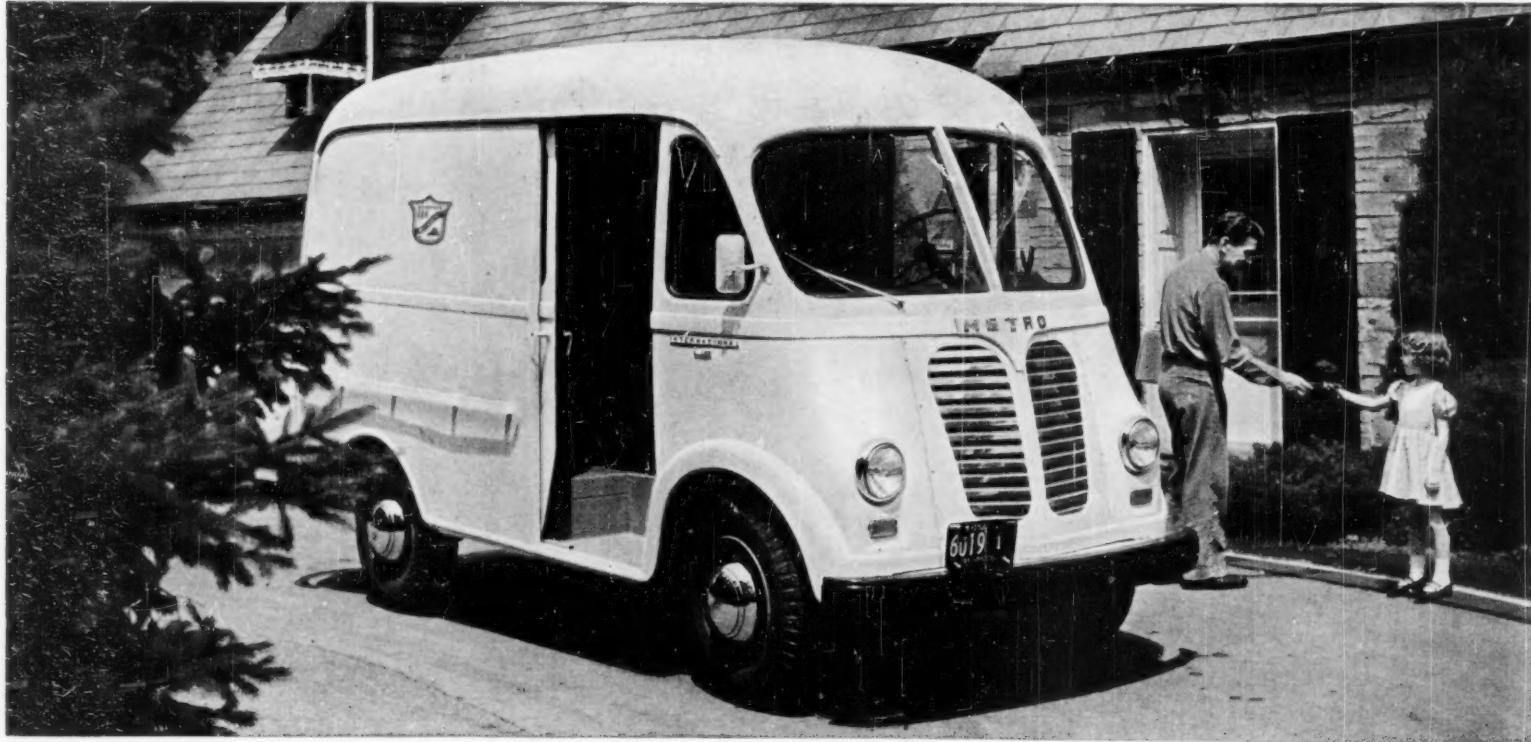
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EDITORIAL

LETTER TO HEINZ WEIDNER

Dear Gentlemen:

I got the address of your editorship by the Canadian Mission in Bonn and because I've applied for my entry to Canada I wish to become acquainted with the peculiarities of the Canadian mentality and perception.

The best way for such purpose is the study of the leading newspapers and so I ask you for a number of your Maclean's Magazine. Perhaps you can also mediate a correspondence with Canadiens although I must beg your pardon beforehand by reason of my bad English.

If you could help me in this way to find a connexion with your country before I set foot on it, I would be

Yours very gratefully, Heinz Weidner,
Berlin W. 35 (Brit. Sektor)
Potsdamerstr. 102 bei Firma Sporthaus Kranich, Germany.

Dear Mr. Weidner:

You have chosen as good a time as any to enquire into the peculiarities of the Canadian mentality and perception. Candidly, we suspect you are on a wild goose chase. We Canadians ourselves have been alternately groaning and rhapsodizing over our peculiarities for at least a hundred years and we still can't agree what they are, much less whether they're good or bad for us.

Your name, nevertheless, goes on our mailing list effective with this issue, which happens to coincide with the date on which Canada celebrates its nationhood. Read it with our compliments for what information and enjoyment it may hold for you. But beware of trying to draw any large general conclusions from this or any other secondhand source about the ways in which Canadians can be expected to think, emote or act.

Among the people who write for and edit the magazine and are discussed in its pages it is doubtful if there is a single peculiarity of mentality and perception that you can name and that we haven't got—at least in some shadowy protozoic form. We've got people who believe in conscription for armed service, cyclical budgeting, Louis St. Laurent, George Drew, free trade, Tommy Douglas, Fridolin, the biological necessity of preserving the black fly, the Hudson Bay railroad, the CBC, Tom Thomson, Salvador Dali, television, socialism, existentialism, Gordon Howe, C. D. Howe, yoghurt and blackstrap

molasses, the WCTU, rye whisky, the abolition of separate schools, Harry S. Truman, Joseph V. Stalin, taking a club to children who talk back, and the late Bob Edwards. No one person believes in all these things and there are persons who believe in the obverse of these things.

All these people are Canadians, Mr. Weidner. They are all leaders of Canadian thought, or trying hard to be. You can see what you're up against.

This does not mean that we disapprove your search. We are heartily in favor of it and we hope you will not be disappointed in what you find. The thing we presume to caution you about is a thing about which we older Canadians stand sorely in need of cautioning. As happens in all nations which emerge suddenly to positions of wealth and strength we Canadians are just beginning to feel a temptation to attach some overriding personal worth, beyond the normal yardsticks of personal worth, to the mere circumstance that we are Canadians.

But we are not a special people nor are we a Chosen People. We do live in a Chosen Land. We take pride in it; so much pride that we are in some slight danger of becoming smug about it and attributing to some special quality within ourselves the special benefits bestowed on us by our land.

Judge us as Canadians, if you will. But judge us first as human beings, in the clear understanding that we live under no special law which transmits all the virtues and faults in residence here to some monolithic creature of the gods called The Canadian.

Unless you are careful to do this you might easily fall into the error of judging us for our geniuses—of whom, like all nations, we have all too few. You might as easily fall into the error of judging us for our fools—of whom, like all nations, we have all too many. Your best safeguard against either form of error may be to judge us by the people whom you yourself shall meet—by the average of the streetcar conductors, the mean of the customs officials and laundries, the common denominator of the doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs.

By and large you are apt to find that the peculiarities of the Canadian mentality and perception are the peculiarities of the human mentality and perception. If this should be your discovery please do not hesitate to share it with us older settlers; for we are so proud and fortunate to be Canadians that there are some among us who need reminding that there is no way of being a good Canadian without being a good human being.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

DAVID MacDONALD, himself a Bluenose from Upper Canada, was born in Toronto twenty-five years ago and moved to Halifax at the age of six months to be close to his parents. He's now back in Toronto working on the editorial staff of the *Globe and Mail*. The story on page ten is his first piece of published fiction . . . Len Norris, who illustrat-



ed McKenzie Porter's nostalgic piece about Oswaldtwistle on page fourteen, and whose work has frequently appeared in Maclean's, this year won the National Newspaper Award for cartoonists. Norris is on the staff of the *Vancouver Sun*. Last year a drawing of his, done for Maclean's, was hung at the Liverpool Festival Cartoon Exhibition together with work drawn by Duncan Macpherson and Harold Town, also for this magazine . . . Lady in a Trap (page twenty-four),

by the famous humorist James Thurber, first appeared in the monthly magazine *The Bermudian*, published in Hamilton, Ronald J. Williams, editor . . . Oscar Cahen, of King, Ont., told us he got the idea for this issue's circus cover while he was at the fights at Maple Leaf Gardens one night this spring. We thought this sounded a little disjointed but that's how it was, he said again. Seems that's the way cover artists—and ideas—work. Len Norris has also drawn another of his light-hearted maps of Canada on page 46.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



BAD TIMING BY THE TORIES

HARD POUNDING gentlemen," said Wellington as the rival guns at Waterloo thundered and spat fire. "We shall see who can pound the longest." I would not be surprised if Churchill says much the same thing to his ministers as the two sides at Westminster hurl salvo after salvo of fierce argument while the dark night gives way to a grisly dawn.

Whatever you may have thought of the socialists in government I can assure you that they are an extremely vigorous Opposition. It must be remembered that a party in power has a great advantage when it is defeated and forms an Opposition—in colloquial terms, it knows where the body is buried in every ministry.

The Tories have taken a certain amount of drubbing in their first nine months of office. Take, for example, the case of Capt. Crookshank, who was appointed Leader of the House and Minister of Health when Churchill formed his Government. Harry Crookshank served with the Guards in the First War and won distinction for bravery in the face of the enemy, but he looks like a sardonic poet and his voice can be blandly cutting. An opponent once described him as a wasp without a sting, but that is wrong: the sting is there and it hurts.

The leadership of the House requires tact, good humor, a genius for detail and a calm demeanor. Although a minister of the government he must, in arranging what is called "the business of the day," protect the rights of the minorities and maintain good relations with the Opposition. In the war Sir Stafford Cripps was a hopeless leader of the House because he lectured us as if we were rather backward adolescents. By contrast Eden was a success at the job because he was conciliatory and recognized the rights of the Opposition, and even of the crackpots who are always putting down resolutions and demanding a debate. In fact Eden nearly always had his own way by being so courteous that the others thought they were getting something.

But now comes the astonishing psychological blunder in Crookshank's case. The leader of the House must hold some other ministerial post that makes him a member of the cabinet and, for some reason that no one can explain, Churchill decided to make Harry Crookshank Minister of Health.

As you are aware, Chancellor Butler decided to introduce charges in the National Health Service, the charges being such contentious measures as a pound for dental service, three pounds toward the cost of surgical boots and a shilling per prescription. These alterations required a new Health Bill which Crookshank not only had to prepare but steer through the House.

Imagine the roar of fury that came from Aneurin Bevan and his followers. Here was blasphemy—for were not the Conservatives tinkering with the monument that Bevan had raised to himself when he was occupying that ministerial office?

With a whoop of joy and simulated fury the socialists forgot their own differences and mobilized for attack. Think how it would sound in the industrial districts in the north: "The Tories are giving income-tax concessions to the rich and, to make up for it, they are taxing the cripples and children's teeth, and the poor old sick people who need medicine!"

At four o'clock in the afternoon Harry Crookshank, as Leader of the House, would be detailing the next week's business or explaining why such and such a motion could not be discussed, and an hour later as Minister of Health he would be standing in the ring toe to toe with his opponents, exchanging punches that drew blood. He conceded nothing.

Personally I never liked the bill for the simple reason that the amount of money saved to the treasury would not balance the resentment which the Opposition would stir up. I agree there must be some charges in the health service to keep its cost within limits and, like the other Tories, I supported the

Continued on page 34



Harry Crookshank



Lord Swinton

BLAIR



FRASER'S

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Do Four Wins Make A Trend?

CHEERFUL Duplessis men in Quebec and some glum Liberals in Ottawa find themselves in unaccustomed agreement. Both think a Duplessis victory is a certainty in the forthcoming Quebec provincial election. As proof positive both cite the Progressive Conservative victory in the recent federal by-election in Roberval, Que.

Oddly enough, the people who disagree are the Progressive Conservatives. Not that they're predicting a Duplessis defeat, but they do insist that Roberval proves nothing either way. Duplessis and the Union Nationale had nothing to do with that, they say. Perhaps for the first time since 1930, Quebec Conservatives scored a victory of their own.

Nominally the Union Nationale and the Progressive Conservatives have always been separate. Actually they have worked together pretty closely. Union Nationale men ran the Nicolet-Yamaska by-election of Feb. 1949 in which the Progressive Conservative candidate scored a sensational (and, as it turned out, misleading) win. Union Nationale ministers campaigned for the PCs in the 1949 general election, and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars of Union Nationale money went into the PC war chest.

But after the crushing defeat in the general election of 1949 the Union Nationale cooled off. This year, when the by-election campaigns got under way, the Progressive Conservatives found themselves singularly friendless. Léon Balcer, the young Navy veteran who is Progressive Conservative MP for Three Rivers, got calluses on his index finger telephoning Union Nationale lawyers

in Quebec City and asking their help in the Roberval campaign. They were all too busy. Some of them said frankly that they were active in provincial politics only. They had no stomach for opposing Louis St. Laurent's men in the federal field.

On the Sunday morning before Election Monday weary PC campaigners were resting in the Roberval hotel when the local Duplessis boss turned up, all smiles. "Looks as if we're going to win," he said.

The PCs looked at him sourly. "What do you mean, 'we'?" they said. "Where have you been all this while?"

"Why, you know I've been right with you all the way," said the Union Nationale sachem.

"Well, keep on being with us but keep out of the way," they told him. "We are doing all right by ourselves."

* * *

IT IS, of course, much too soon to conclude that the Quebec Progressive Conservatives have taken a new lease of life. Those "local factors," which Prime Minister St. Laurent blamed for the loss of three Liberal seats, were certainly present in Roberval.

Liberals had hoped to enlist as their candidate a solid and popular citizen, a brother of the renowned Father Georges Lévesque, of Laval University. Instead they found themselves stuck with one of their veteran ward heelers, who arranged to get the nomination himself.

To make matters worse, another still older veteran had felt for many years that he was entitled to the Liberal nomination, and he threatened to

Continued on page 44



Cartoon by Grassick

*The important things
are safe
here*



"The deed to the house—my bonds and insurance policies—a pair of baby shoes I'll always treasure . . . they're all protected in my Safety Deposit Box."

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We need protection against floods and soil erosion — yet every fire destroys the vegetation which holds water and soil in place.

The tragedy of it all is that *eight out of ten forest fires are man-made* — a match that wasn't out — a cigarette that wasn't crushed — a campfire that wasn't dead out!

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YOU'RE RICHER THAN YOU THINK

On this anniversary of Confederation, you're twice as well off as your grandfather was thanks to our increased production and a tidal wave of foreign investment. You're rich, even if your wallet says it isn't so

By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

LAST YEAR an American who represented an investment firm came through Ottawa. He already had large interests in the United States and Britain, but his company had some new money to invest. After a survey of the free nations he had decided to place all current and future investment programs in Canada.

"Best bet in the whole world today," he told a friend here.

Canadians were rather startled to hear it. Canada has "the second-highest standard of living," and even to our own ears "second-best" sounds very like "second-rate." In spite of our after-dinner speeches and our patriotic schoolbooks we are secretly taken aback when anyone ranks our country first. In our hearts we don't believe it. They must mean the people next door.

Average personal income, after taxes, for each man, woman and child in the United States last year was \$1,444. In Canada it was only \$1,057. For each dollar earned by the average Canadian, the average American earned \$1.37; for each dollar a Canadian spent on consumer goods and services, the American spent \$1.43. This gap has closed a little since 1939 when the U. S. figures were \$1.44 and \$1.48 respectively, but there is no present likelihood that it will disappear. Canada's living standard will remain "second highest."

This is an old story to Canadians. We have been telling ourselves all our lives that the grapes are sour, that we have intangibles and imponderables here which outweigh the material advantages of our great neighbor, and that "money don't bring happiness." We used to think of ourselves as poor but honest, schooled in the sweet uses of adversity.

To other nations, Canadians must look and sound like the impoverished tycoon who was "down to his last million." They don't see us as the hardy self-denying sons of toil and austerity that we fancy ourselves to be. To them we're rich—all of us. Moreover, we are growing richer fast. It is more than possible, it is highly probable, that before the present century has run its course Canada will have

more than twice the wealth that it is enjoying today.

Here are some of the resources we can count on this eighty-fifth anniversary of Confederation, which weren't even suspected when World War II broke out:

OIL. Four billion dollars' worth of reserves discovered as the result of half a billion dollars invested in exploration and development. Five years ago Canada got one tenth of her petroleum requirements from Canadian wells; today she gets half of it, with the percentage rising every year. Three thousand wells pour out one hundred and sixty thousand barrels a day, and a new pipe line runs from Edmonton to the Great Lakes to feed the oil refineries of Ontario. Incidentally, the development of western pipe lines and refineries brings new attention and importance to the Athabasca tar sands, which contain more petroleum than the total proved resources of the entire world. It is not yet economic to extract and transport the oil from these sands—but the oil is there and extraction processes are being improved by constant research and experiment. Oil men now talk of a "great triangle" of production areas, based in the established fields of the Texas Gulf and California and with a new but important field in the Canadian west.

IRON. Everyone has heard about the great new deposits of iron ore being developed in Ungava and Labrador, but shipments from there will not begin until 1955. Not so many Canadians realize that iron-ore production is already nearly five million tons a year—only a quarter of what Labrador will produce when the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed, but thirty-eight times the Canadian ore production in 1939. Meanwhile two hundred million dollars are being poured into the Labrador project; one third of the roadbed has been graded for a 358-mile railway from the mines to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Two hundred miles of track will have been laid by the end of this year.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER. Not exactly an unsuspected resource as we have already developed more than thirteen million horsepower; Canadian capacity has been increased by sixty percent since 1939. But you may be surprised to learn that only one quarter of the country's water-power potential has been harnessed. The St. Lawrence Seaway will provide Canada with a million horsepower directly from the International Rapids and make it easier for Canada to develop another million and a half of her own. Other, remote power sites will become practical assets when Canada grows northward: the Aluminum Company of Canada has already begun a tremendous project at Kitimat in northern B. C., and there are others.

ALUMINUM. Another unrealized resource. It was regarded as an industrial miracle during the war when the great Shipshaw dam in northeastern Quebec brought Canadian capacity up to half a million tons, but that development brought deep misgivings with it. Whatever should we do with all that "excess" capacity after the war? By 1957 Kitimat can, if demand still warrants it, double the present output. Even the first stage, already in process of execution and due for completion in 1955, will add one hundred thousand tons.

URANIUM. This is the basic raw material of the atomic age. Production figures and values are both secret, but it is known that the new development at Beaverlodge Lake, northern Saskatchewan, will produce at least as much and probably more than the Great Bear Lake mine which alone made Canada a major source of uranium.

TITANIUM. This mineral before the war had only obscure industrial uses, but now turns out to be an important ingredient of the new light alloys or "wonder metals." The Canadian deposit recently discovered at Allard Lake, Que., is believed to be the largest in the world.

NATURAL GAS has been heating the cities of Calgary and Edmonton for years, but has always

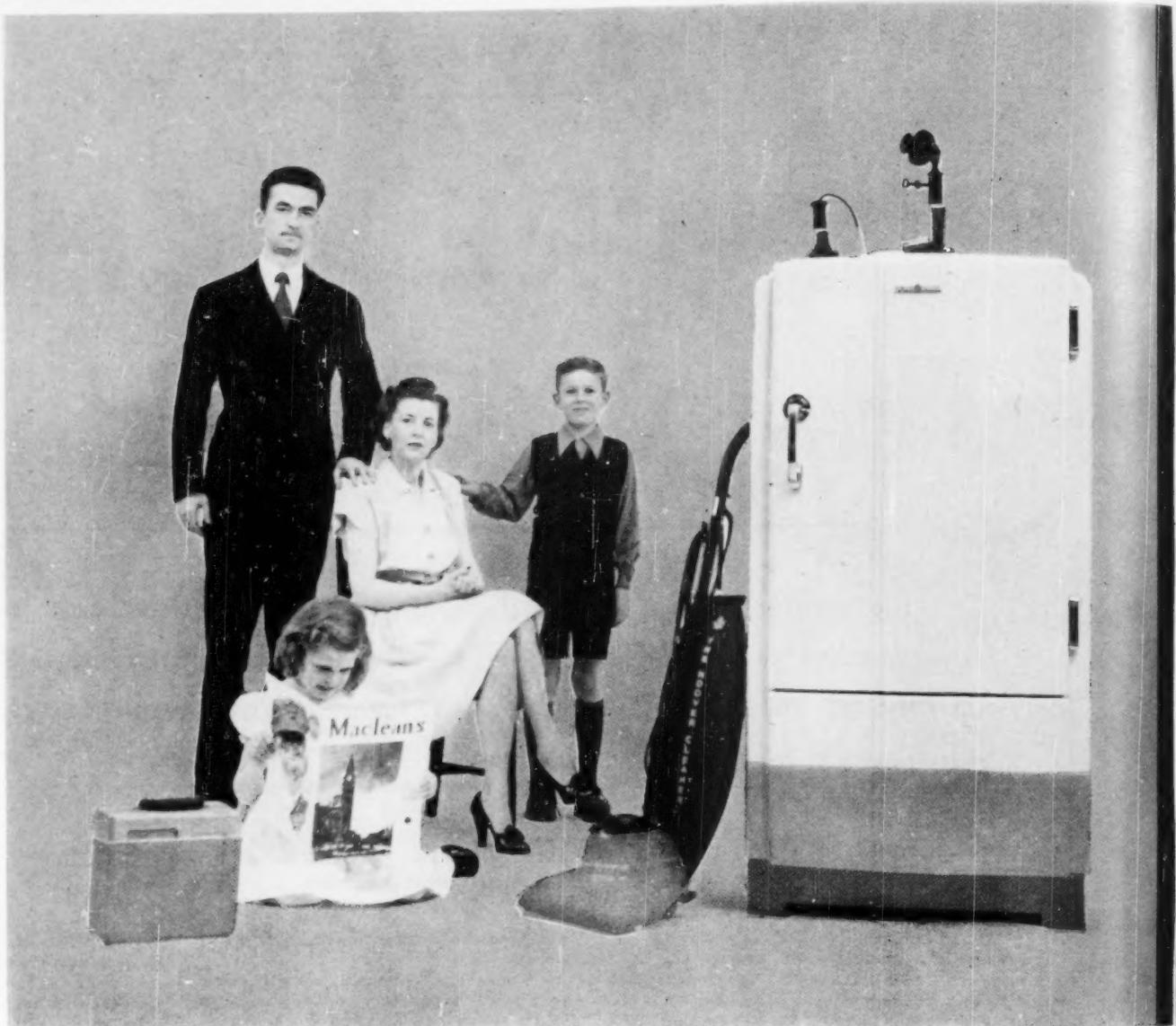
THESE PHOTOGRAPHS DRAMATIZE THE WAY YOUR STA

1941

The colored portions show how our standard of living has improved. This family, dressed in the styles of ten years ago, stands beside the items on which the census-takers checked in 1941. This is what they found:

HOMES WITH

refrigerators	— 21%
radios	— 78%
vacuum cleaners	24%
telephones	— 40%



Photos by Peter Croydon

been considered a scarce and dwindling resource to be hoarded with care. Now, with every year bringing new discoveries, it looks as if western natural gas will provide the raw material for a new Canadian chemical industry on the prairies, and also (if the necessary pipe lines are built) a cheap fuel as far east as central Ontario.

Each of these developments stimulates and assists all the others. Alberta has enormous coal resources which, up to now, have lacked a market. If chemical and other industries do spring up in the west they'll find cheap coal almost at their doors.

And capital is available to develop these things on a scale never seen before in Canada.

Last January Max Mackenzie, who has just resigned as deputy minister of defense production to go into one of the new developments himself, gave a talk to the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in which he compared the military and civilian investment programs in the period 1950-53. He drew a rather striking series of parallels: Six types of airframe and, for the first time in our history, two aircraft engines, as well as many instruments and components, call for a capital outlay of twelve hundred million dollars. That is the biggest single item of defense investment. It happens to be just the amount which will go into hydro-electric development in the same three-year period. That is not counting special projects like Kitimat, and not counting the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Electronics—radar, asdic, and so on—are the second biggest defense item: five hundred million dollars. Just the amount planned for exploration, development, transmission and refining of oil and natural gas.

Shipbuilding will cost about two hundred and fifty millions, a neat match for the sum now planned for increasing aluminum smelting facilities. Tank and automotive equipment, two hundred and fifty millions, take about the same amount earmarked for iron-ore development throughout Canada.

In short, Canada is pouring enormous and approximately equal amounts of money into production of guns and butter. Either program would have seemed hopelessly ambitious before the war. Both are taken for granted today.

These things mean expansion. Canada in 1952 is evidently, in many ways, like the Canada of 1900—just on the eve of tremendous things. Then it was the opening of the west, the first great wave of immigration, the beginnings of industrialization. The results have been fabulous. Two and a half times as many people are producing five times the volume of wealth in three quarters of the working time (forty-two hours a week compared to fifty-six).

Yet the results of today's beginnings may be even greater, in proportion, than those of two generations ago. In a lecture at McGill University this spring Dr. O. J. Firestone, economic adviser to the Department of Trade and Commerce, set forth some interesting comparisons between 1900 and 1952.

Then, as now, trade was buoyant and enterprise was in the air. The Klondike gold rush was at its peak; new people and new money were pouring into Canada at a rate beyond all precedent.

Then, as now, a great new source of energy was just being applied. Then it was hydro-electric power, of which Canada was producing only two hundred and seventy-five thousand horsepower

(compared to thirteen millions now). Today it is atomic power. In March the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe publicly forecast the industrial use of atomic energy within ten years, and Canada is in the very forefront of its development.

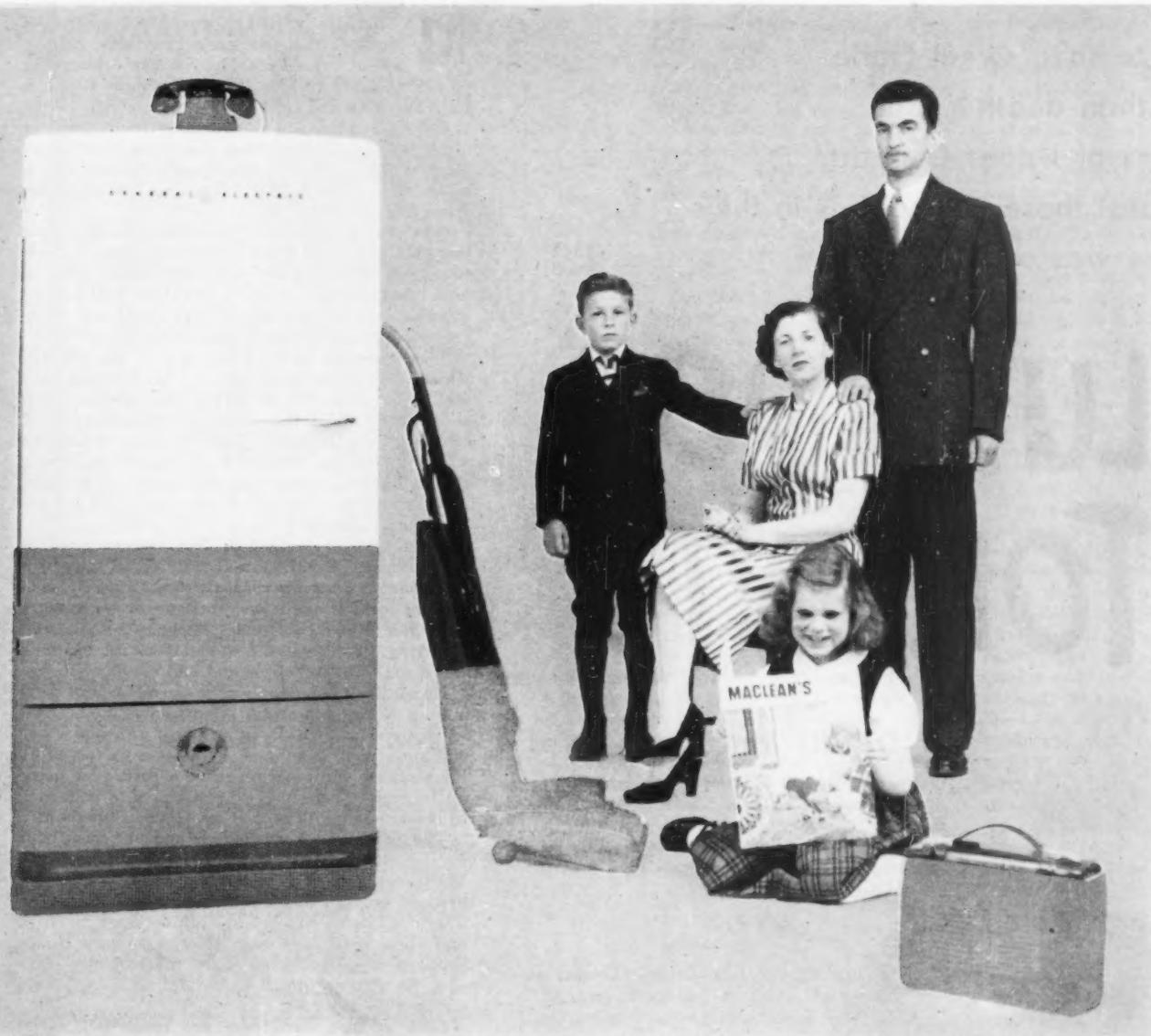
In 1900 the motor car was just coming into use; the earliest Canadian records show three hundred and sixty-two automobiles imported in 1904. In 1950 Canadians bought four hundred and thirty thousand, most of them made in Canada. But the new thing in Canada now is the jet aircraft.

In 1900 the prairies were still empty. Saskatchewan and Alberta were Northwest Territories, only lately the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company. Canada produced fifty-five million bushels of wheat, compared to four hundred and sixty-two million bushels in 1950. Today the new wealth is being found under the western prairies, in the oil fields of Alberta and perhaps of Saskatchewan and Manitoba; the empty territory is the far north, where Canadians are just learning to live.

So much for the similarities. The differences are equally striking, and they all favor 1952.

Canada in 1900 was a sparsely settled land with five and a half million people; the labor force numbered about a million and three quarters. By and large it was an unskilled force. Two fifths of it worked on the farms, one fifth in factories, the rest in various trades and service occupations. Industrial expansion had begun; in 1900 it was particularly notable in pulp and paper, smelting, iron foundries, shipbuilding and flour milling. The great development of hydro-electric power was getting under way. But this was all new, all starting from scratch. Industrially, Canada was

R STANDARD OF LIVING HAS RISEN IN A DECADE



1951

The same family, in up-to-date clothes, poses beside latest models of household goods on which the census gave another report last year. The colored part of each item shows at a glance the rise in the average household's wealth:

HOMES WITH

refrigerators	— 47%
radios	— 93%
vacuum cleaners	42%
telephones	— 61%

still in the stage where a man who wanted to drive a nail had first to make the nail, then make a hammer to hit it with.

This time, by contrast, we are getting off to a running start. Not only can we look to the new forces, the new resources, the new techniques for new wealth. Expansion has already been tremendous in what we had to begin with.

Canada has been making basic steel, the very cornerstone of industry, since well before the turn of the century. Not all Canadians realize, though, that our steel capacity has been enlarged one hundred and thirty percent since 1939 and now includes a number of special steels and alloys which we had never been able to make before. Another twenty-one percent increase in primary steel is already projected.

Canadian automobiles are nothing new—but did you know we are making three times as many as in 1939? Pulp and paper have been a staple Canadian export for more than two generations; production has doubled in the thirteen years.

Even after allowing for price increases the actual volume of all Canadian production is ninety percent higher than it was before the war.

Another difference from 1900: We're using more of our own money now. Previous Canadian booms have been financed largely from abroad, first by British and then by United States capital. This one is mostly Canadian.

We are still getting lots of foreign money—sixteen hundred millions in the past two years, or about thirteen times the entire new investment of 1900. But even this large sum is believed to be no more than fifteen percent of all capital investment in Canada 1950 and 1951. (It's true

that foreign capital is taking the lion's share of new enterprises with the higher risks and the higher returns while Canadian money is going more into plant expansions of existing and established activities. But, at least, Canadians are now doing some of their own risk investment.)

Small wonder that an itinerant American investor should conclude that Canada is the soundest buy in the world. Thousands of other Americans have formed the same opinion. Europeans are of similar mind when they can persuade their governments to let them have dollars for investment, and it is significant that dollar-short governments are becoming easier to persuade. One British oil company, which had spent several millions on exploration in Alberta, was forced to abandon its holdings in 1946 because the British Treasury wouldn't authorize any more hard currency. Five months later Leduc No. 1 came in. The company lost its money (one of its projects had been right in the middle of the fabulous Redwater field) but at least the treasury seems to have learned its lesson. British oil firms are sending men to Alberta now with real money.

All these people have confidence in Canada because, they say, no other land has our combination of highly skilled labor force, well developed plant, stable political climate and virtually un-tapped resources. No other land offers the investor such a high probability of steady secure increase over a long period.

But this high-level financial assessment leaves a good many Canadians cold. What does it mean, after all, to the ordinary wage and salary earner? To the man who has never owned a share of stock because he can't save enough money to buy one?

The man whose main preoccupation, in the economic field, is to keep ahead of the bill collector and the rising cost of living?

That man doesn't believe he is rich. He certainly doesn't feel rich (only millionaires do, apparently). Does it really do him any good that these hundreds of millions are being poured in, and tens of millions taken out, by a wealthy handful in his own and other lands?

The answer is yes, it does. Whether he knows it or not the average Canadian is at least twice as well off as his grandfather was in 1900, and forty percent better off than he himself was when World War II broke out.

To take the latter point first, here are some comparisons between the 1941 and the 1951 census. We don't think of 1941 as a depression year; on the contrary it was extremely prosperous. Some of us, thinking of price controls, may suppose we were better off then than we are now. But here are the actual figures on the ownership, by Canadians, of various household articles that everyone seems to want but not everyone can afford.

	1941 Percent	1951 Percent
Homes with radios	76	93
Refrigerators	21	47
Telephones	40	61
Vacuum cleaners	24	42
Automobiles	37	42

And the farther back you go the sharper the contrast becomes. Dr. Firestone recently found a family budget survey made in Winnipeg in 1910 and compared it with a survey made in the same city in 1948.

In 1910 you could

Continued on page 50

Red Angus set out to save sweet Florie
from a fate worse than death
in the glittering dens of Upper Canada.
But how could he best those millionaires in their
shiny cars?—For he was only a

MY NAME is Red Angus MacEachern, of Nova Scotia, Maritime Provinces, biggest son of Piper Jack MacEachern who works on the docks in Halifax. That Red part is just a nickname referring to my hair, which is red.

I live in Toronto but two years ago I would sooner eat jackstones for a living than come near Upper Canada. How and ever, like Pamela Arbuckle says, queer things can happen. Like me chasing after Florie for instance.

Now you're wondering how come a Maritime boy gets to be in Upper Canada to stay. People who grow up in Ontario or Quebec haven't got an idea what is involved and I tell them it is tantamounts to going up Niagara Falls in a dory. Only they ain't as many people done the latter.

There's people down in my part of the country which if you tell them you is from Canada they will spring on guard and carry their cash in their shoe. They figure they have had enough stole off of them. And there's people up here in Ontario which if you tell them you is from Nova Scotia they will look at you funny and laugh. It is a sad state of affairs which don't ogre too good for the nation as a whole.

I was born in Antigonish, N.S., where they got the university and track team. Later on we settled in Halifax and even then they wasn't any wild Indians lurking about and unless you went down on Water Street you wasn't likely to get hit with a herring. Well, when I was eleven, my old man called me into the parlor and had a talk with me.

He said boy you are along to the age where there is some things you should know about life. There will come a time when you will meet someone which will turn your head and temp you to forget all the teaching you have got in your little grey home in the east. Then, boy, you will have to be strong to resist. You will of met an Upper Canadian.

The next year I was twelve and like most boys my age it was time to go to work to keep the Maritimes going. Now finding a job was pretty hard on account of I didn't have much education. There is lots of colleges and universities in N. S. and some card once said they was more Roads Scholars digging ditches in N. S. than any place else. So with not much education but being pretty strong I got my pick.

Now at that time there was much talk about Confederation, it being only eighty years since it was committed. Me and many of the other men in the street didn't think nothing about Confederation but lots of the older folks was going around with a scowl on their face on July 1, muttering about Joe Howe and a bottle of rum changing places in Sir John Macdonald's cabinet. They said we was sold down the river and been drifting ever since. Now I have made up a little saying, viz., "Leave bygones be bygones." This means you should make the best of things but the older men said Upper Canada had stole off of us right and left and it was only the cost that kept down total warfare. The Chief of Justice used to read papers about Howe and it was generally thought he was the only one could get away with it.

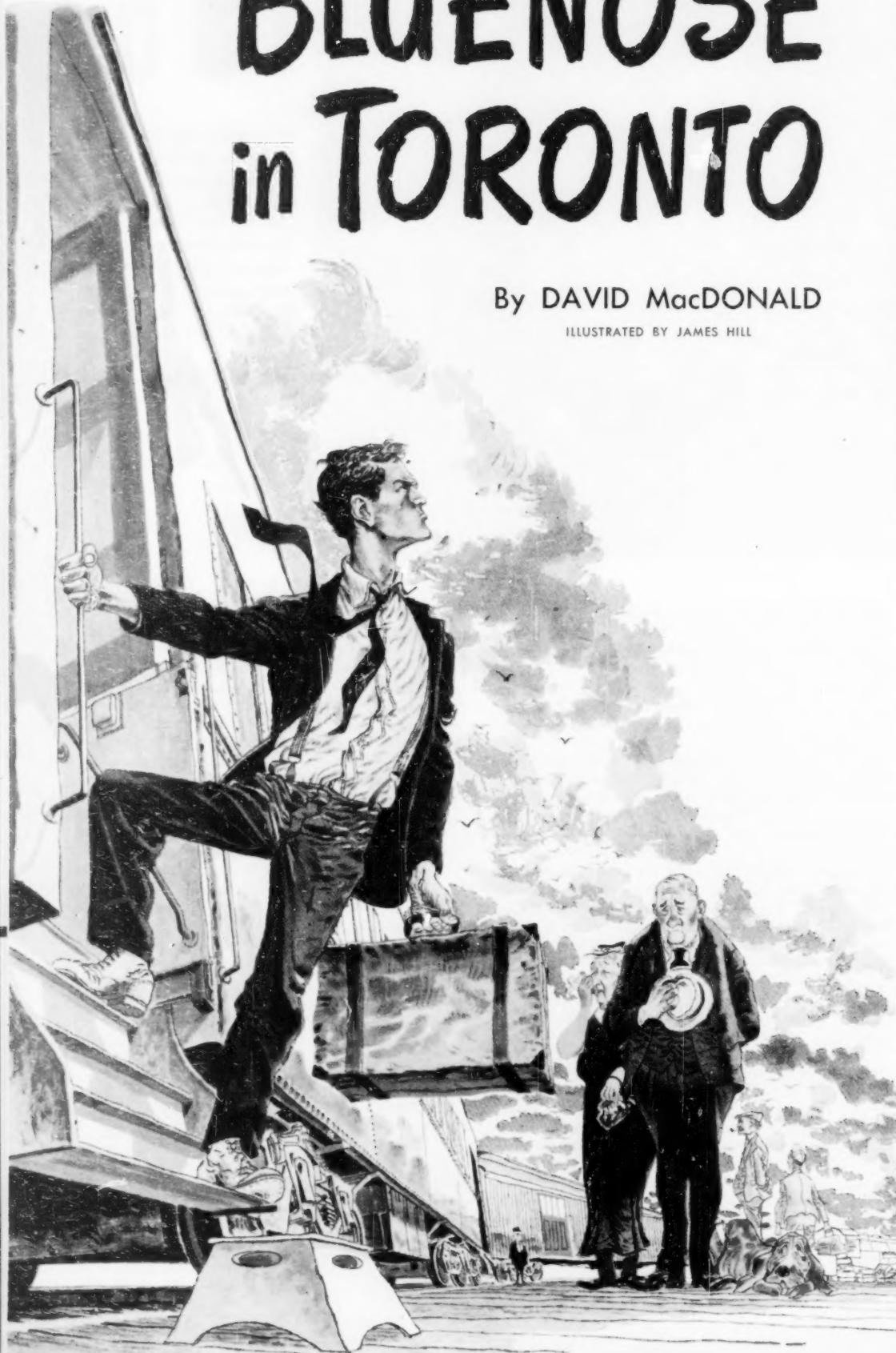
I used to think that some of the rich American millionaires that come to N. S. to look at the scenery and say how quaint was pretty snooty but some of the boys told me everyone in Upper Canada was like that. I would just as soon live with a boll weevil as people like that.

There was a touching scene as Red Angus left Halifax. His old man had slipped him five dollars.

BLUENOSE in TORONTO

By DAVID MacDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL





In Toronto a big brass band was waiting.
But how did they know he was coming?

Now a couple of years back I met a girl which was a real pip. Her name was Florie McNeil from Whycocomagh. She had dark eyes and hair and a figure that would of made Betty Grable look like Mrs. Whistler. I never had a girl before but believe you and me I learned quick. I was all set one night to pop the old question when she comes out and tells me she is moving to Toronto.

I told her she was rushing into a fate worse than death but she says don't be silly it ain't as bad as all that. Finally, I says you must make a choice between me and Ontario and she says it has been nice knowing me. Well, I went and pawned the ring and got acquainted with some screech a friend brought in from Cape Britain.

This here Florie went to Toronto and I went to pieces. My work begun to fall off. I just couldn't stand thinking of her with some snooty guy from Upper Canada and I says to myself this is something you cannot let them steal. You must go save her.

When I told my father I was going to Upper Canada he busted out bawling like the time he dropped a full crock at the Highland Games and won the high jump. He cried out boy of mine, boy of mine, but I told him the boy of his had a mission.

So my mother put on a black dress and made some sandwiches and we went down to the station. There was a touching scene there as my father give me a five-dollar bill to tide me over and the conductor hollered all aboard. The old man took off his hat and held it like a hearse was passing as the train pulled out with a jerk.

All as I got to say about the CNR train I was on is it sure ain't going broke off the meals they sell. About all I could of got with the money I had was a Brussel sprout and a prune for dessert. The waiter didn't much like my eating my sandwiches in the dining car but I give him a dime which must of made him feel like a heel.

We come up through New Brunswick and into Quebec but I didn't see much of Quebec as it was dark and when we stopped at stations the door was generally locked. We got into Montreal in the morning and I never seen such a station. Bigger than the Forum down home.

I WON'T never forget getting into Toronto. There was a big brass band on hand and a sign which says Welcome to Toronto. I says to one of the sign holders this is very nice of you and he says get out of the way Mac, the Stampeders will be here in a minute.

I give him a dirty look which I can do pretty good and walked out into the street. Well, I ain't one to get impressed too fast by things but I never

seen nothing like that Royal York Hotel before. I'll bet it's big enough to hold all the people in Ontario who tell me they give George Drew his start.

I was standing there looking the place over when a guy comes over and says, right smart like, you planning to buy it rube?

I says maybe. I didn't really have no intention of buying it but I thought I would lead the joker on apiece.

It's the biggest in the British Empire, he says. I told him we got a couple of pretty nice hotels down in N. S. only not so big. Well, he got back to work with his broom and I started walking. Pretty soon I seen another big building and it is where the Bank of Commerce gets its money. I ast a man if they was any more around like it and he says not like that one. It's the biggest in the British Empire.

I learnt before long that outside of Big Ben and Anna Neagle they ain't much of any account in the Empire that ain't in Toronto. The university is the biggest in the

British Empire, the subway is the biggest built in the British Empire in the past few weeks and the hockey team can lick anything they got in Ceylon, Hong Kong or Ireland.

I got a room and bed which was one of the first built in the British Empire and started out to find my girl Florie McNeil. She didn't leave me an address so it was pretty tough looking. There was another guy from Halifax which was already in Toronto and I give him a call on the phone, costing a dime.

Well, pal, he says, good to hear from you. How are things back in the old home town? He said he guess they missed him. As a matter of fact it was only the cops that missed him and they wasn't too broke up. He says maybe some day he will go back home as a big success but right now he is too busy having a real swell time. He says the girls in Toronto think he is a real cute Bluenose and say all sorts of funny things about him, like how long has he been wearing shoes and how come he didn't have fins. He says he is working on the subway and getting real good dough and he didn't even have to show his junior matric to get the job.

Let me tell you something, pal, he says. Nova Scotia has had it. They've got everything here, including yours ever truly. I says I hope he will let me ride on the subway when he gets it finished, but he didn't get the drift. Anyways, he tells me he seen Florie working over to Simpson's in the hankerchief section. I got over there right quick and sure enough there she was. Was she ever surprised to see me. What are you doin' here, she says.

I says I am thinking of closing Mr. Simpson's mortgage and just wanted to have a look around the place. How would you like to run the candy counter, I says, kidding her.

We didn't have much chance to talk as the floorwalker was giving us the fish-eye so I met her afterward in a tavern on Yonge Street. I says to Florie what will you have and she says I think a gin fizz would be nice. I told her they didn't serve nothing but Canadian beer and she looked at me like I had offered her a shot of paint.

Most of the boys around here, which I allow to date me, buys me nice fluffy drinks, she says. I says OK if this is the way you like it. Waiter, put an extra big head on one.

I can tell right off Florie has changed. She is wearing a black dress like Heady Lamarr wears in all her pictures and her hair is hanging down in back like a

Continued on page 43

The president called Red into his office.
"This is my daughter," he said. She was kind of skinny but she smiled nice.



THE DOOMED LAKES LASH OUT

The experts can't agree on the causes of this year's record high water that has caused billions of dollars' damage along the Great Lakes. But they do know that someday the famous lifeline will be just a string of puddles

By FRED BODSWORTH

SPRING ENDED with water levels in the Great Lakes higher than ever before in the ninety-two years for which man has a record. The lakes were probably higher than at any time since they leveled off following the melting of the great glaciers of the last ice age thirty-five thousand years ago. Waves were gnawing at lakefront properties that were once high and dry, causing destruction in billions of dollars. Harbors of the world's most important inland waterway, the loading points for ships which carry most of the grain, coal and iron ore of the United States and Canada, were menaced by the rampaging waters as never before.

There were almost as many explanations for the high water as there were experts and pseudo experts to do the explaining.

Property owners blamed government dams and hydro diversions of rivers. Some scientists claimed

the widespread cutting of forest and drainage of swamps for agriculture were responsible. Others said a complex interworking of rain, snow, evaporation and soil absorption was the cause. A widely experienced engineer, in retirement in the St. Lawrence River town of Brockville, said the St. Lawrence was becoming dammed with silt. Geologists pointed out that the earth's crust in the Great Lakes area was slowly sinking or tilting, raising water levels in the process.

No one could prove his own theory—or disprove the other man's. It was as tantalizing a mystery as the flying saucers.

But there was no mystery about the long-term geological process involved—the slow-paced never-ending drama of inevitable geologic change which, though perhaps not the specific cause of 1952's rampaging water and erosion, was bound to go on

until the Great Lakes are only a memory. For lakes are the most transient and changing of all geological features.

To the geologists, today's high water is merely another brief and passing phase in the story of the Great Lakes. Once they drained down the Mississippi and probably, someday aeons hence, they will drain over the present site of Chicago into the Mississippi again. Shore erosion and other geological changes doom every lake chain to become eventually a twisting river. Usually these changes unroll so slowly that we cannot see them happening. Today's momentary speed-up is giving us a microscopic glimpse of the creeping pattern which will culminate thousands of years from now with many of today's lakeshore cities under water, others left high and dry as inland towns, and the Great Lakes erased into marshy puddles.

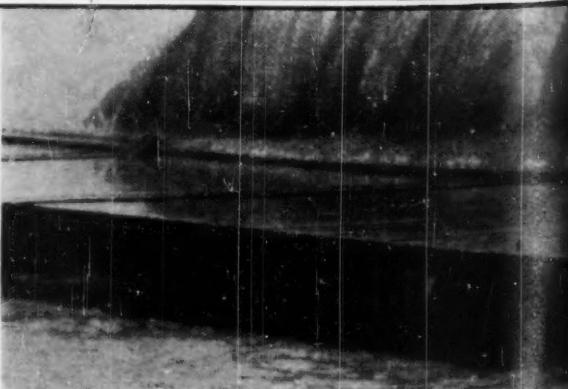


Lake Ontario, six feet above low water, batters homes that ventured too close.



The mighty glaciers of the Ice Age gouged out the huge inland basins and thirty-five thousand years have seen them whittled down to the present Great Lakes (above, left). In the misty future many of our lake cities (above, right) will be under water, others miles from the shore and the St. Lawrence Seaway only a geologic curiosity for scientists.

The Changing Lakes: As They Once Were



This is what the distant vision of the geologists sees in today's floodwaters. But knowing the Great Lakes' gloomy future is no help in meeting the menace of their rising water today.

The present period of high water began in 1943. There were ups and downs in succeeding years, with an extreme high in 1947. By 1952 the lakes had been brimming over for nine years and, according to all previous high-water patterns, it was time for nature to pull the plug and give harried lake-shore dwellers some peace. But last winter, instead of the lakes taking their customary winter drop, they remained close to last summer's highs. When spring thaws sent the lakes rising again, levels were already off to a head start. By mid-April Lake Erie and Lake Ontario had topped the 1947 records and the damage reports came pouring in. And the experts warned the lakes might yet have another eighteen inches to go before they hit their usual midsummer peaks.

Some of Ontario's most valuable agricultural land, in the fruit-growing Niagara Peninsula, is slipping into Lake Ontario at a rate of ten to fifteen feet a year. At Long Branch, a western suburb of Toronto, forty-four families were driven out by one storm as waves reduced many of their homes to heaps of splintered rubble. Municipal authorities had to condemn twenty-one of the houses.

Toronto Island, the low-lying sandy hook which separates Toronto Bay and its expansive harbor from the open lake, was being buffeted and flooded as never before. The homes of four thousand islanders are menaced and Mayor Allan Lamport warned that a breach in the island could mean destruction for much of Toronto's hundred-million-dollar harbor front.

The state of Michigan estimated its erosion loss at one billion dollars for just this year. The

Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad spent two and a half million dollars to save a one-and-a-half-mile section of track from Lake Michigan.

The factors which appear to govern lake levels can be separated into two broad groups.

First are the variables—precipitation, evaporation, run-off from the land and soil absorption. These probably cause the year-to-year fluctuations: the low levels of the 1930s, for example, and the high levels of today.

A second group is believed to have a very gradual and long-term effect. This includes the gradual tilting or sinking of the Great Lakes basin and the fact that all lakes must slowly become shallower through silt pouring into them. If a lake's bottom gets higher, so does its top. Add to this the possibility that the world's water supply may be increasing because of a progressive melting of the Arctic and Antarctic ice caps, and there is a likelihood that high-water peaks may continue getting higher and higher.

Most of those who watched helplessly as the rising lakes lapped at their doorsteps know nothing of this complexity of natural factors. To many laymen the lake-level problem was of man's creation. It was those dams and diversions.

Three of these came in for the brunt of the blame: the Ogoki and Long Lake diversions into Lake Superior and the Gut Dam in the St. Lawrence.

The Ogoki and Long Lake projects back up the waters of two rivers so their flows have been reversed toward Lake Superior. Previously these rivers flowed into Hudson Bay. The diversions were made in the late Thirties and early Forties to provide water for hydro-electric power development. The Gut Dam is a small rock dam between two islands in the St. Lawrence near Prescott, which partially blocks the outflow from Lake

Ontario. It was erected as a navigational aid in 1902 to eliminate a crosscurrent.

An association of lakeshore owners in New York wired an ultimatum to Prime Minister St. Laurent: Either Canada must blow up its Gut Dam within seven days or face court action for ten million dollars in erosion losses the association members had suffered. New York congressman Harold Ostertag demanded that the U. S. State Department force Canada to plug up its Ogoki and Long Lake diversions.

But the additions and subtractions to lake waters caused by dams and diversions can be accurately measured, Ottawa authorities claimed. Here's the scorecard. The Ogoki and Long Lake diversions into Lake Superior are responsible for an increase in depth of about three inches on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, where the high-water problem is most serious. The Chicago diversion canal from Lake Michigan into the Mississippi, which flushes the city's sewage system, reduces the Erie and Ontario levels by two inches. The Gut Dam increases Lake Ontario's level by six inches and has no effect on lakes above. The combined effect of all these is to raise Lake Erie levels by one inch, Lake Ontario by seven inches.

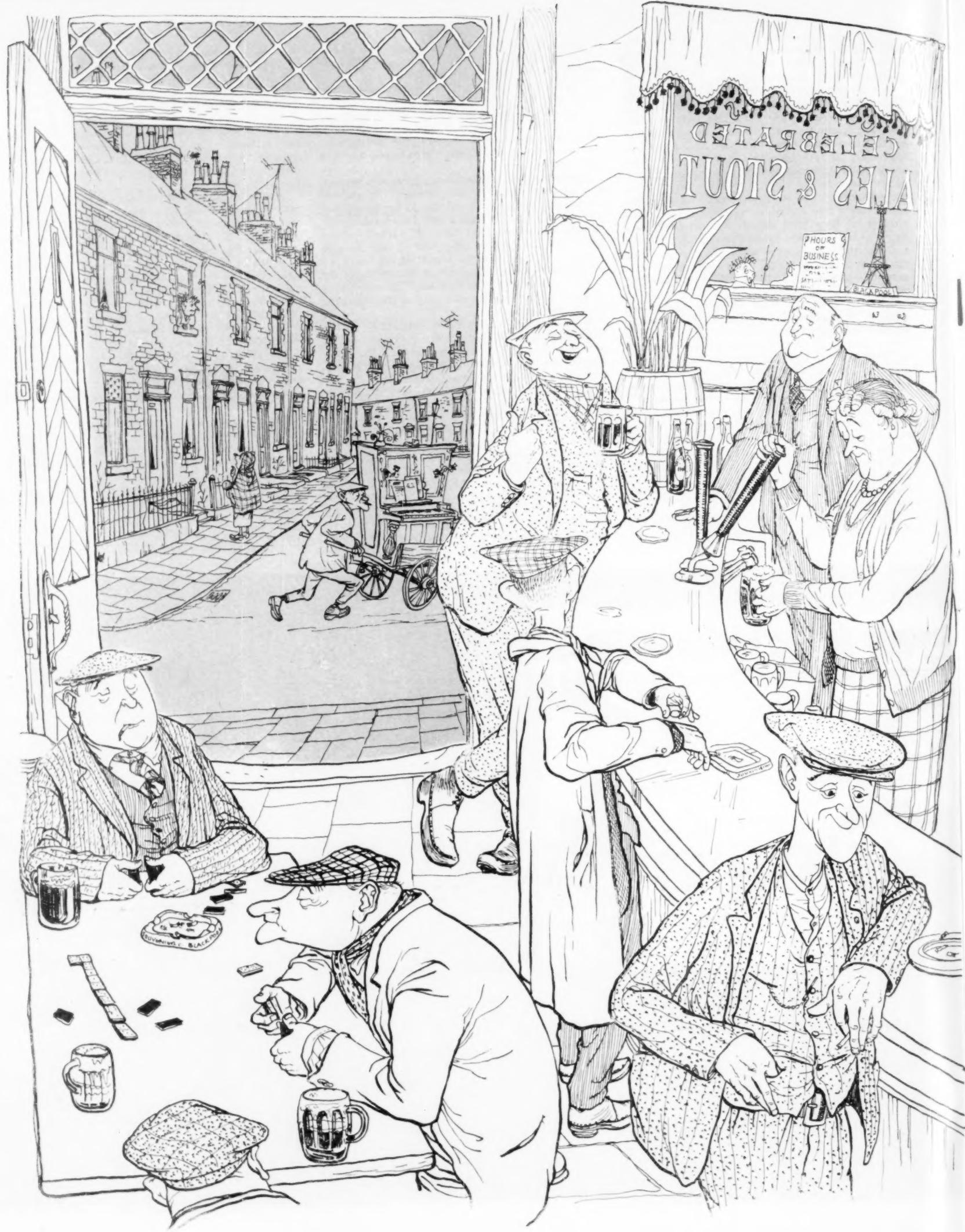
Yet these lakes are now in the neighborhood of six feet above their low-water marks.

For anyone doubting the figures, Ottawa has pointed to the past performance of the lakes. High water is nothing new. Lake Ontario, for example, has been but an inch or two short of the present record many times before. And all of these previous high-water periods came before there were any Ogoki or Long Lake diversions; three of them pre-dated the Gut Dam. But in the past high waters have come and gone on the Great Lakes and few have heard

Continued on page 48

Geologists Say They'll End Up Like This





I BELONG TO OSWALDTWISTLE

By MCKENZIE PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN NORRIS

AMONG the thousands of Canadians planning to cross the Atlantic this summer there might be one who is reckless enough to seek out the geographical centre of the British Isles. If so, he will find that, lying almost equidistant between John o' Groat's in the north and Land's End in the south and Yarmouth in the east and Enniskillen in the west, there is a Lancashire town of fourteen thousand which basks under the astonishing name of Oswaldtwistle.

Here is the very umbilicus of the Motherland. But most Englishmen regard Oswaldtwistle with as much affection as they would a relative who saws the leg off the grand piano for a laugh. Gracie Fields, who embodies in her Lancashire humor only the peaks of Oswaldtwistle's refinements, once called it affectionately, "The most uncouth town in the British Empire."

Because they have nothing else to laugh at, the people of Oswaldtwistle laugh at themselves. And, seeing themselves more clearly than others see them, their laughter comes from the belly.

Oswaldtwistle never calls a spade a spade. It calls it a bloody shovel. Like an urchin who in self-defense pulls his faces at the local gentry Oswaldtwistle flaunts its honest vulgarity under the noses of the Pecksniffs.

To my lasting regret I was born a mile outside the Oswaldtwistle boundary. But three generations of ancestral McKenzies and Porters lie in a family vault at Oswaldtwistle's Immanuel Church. Therefore I can speak from a detached yet intimate view of its inhabitants. They are known as Gobblins.

In Oswaldtwistle the clatter of iron-shod clogs is louder, the drape of women's shawls is spookier, the Scandinavian vowels are broader, the fun is lower, the laughter is coarser, the manners are cruder, the smell of fish and chips is stronger and

progress is slower than anywhere else in grimy industrial Lancashire.

Oswaldtwistle is the fount of those hidden virtues and brazen vices which leap to the mind every time one hears that celebrated expletive: "E-e-eeh by gum!" Here is the distillation of all those anthropological, historical and economic elements which have given such a disturbing fusion of hilarity and grief to novels like Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole*.

For a thousand years Oswaldtwistle has lurked deep down a basin in that same range of wild rain-lashed moors that Emily Brontë used to hear at night "groaning like beasts in pain." The Gobblins occupy tiny gritstone houses built with military symmetry in solid blocks of twenty, fifty or a hundred. Over this melancholy huddle there has hung for nearly two hundred years a pall of smoke belched up by the tall forest of factory stacks.

Around Oswaldtwistle there are sixteen million toilers, most of whom spin, weave, bleach, dye and print pretty cotton fabrics for sale in sunnier climes. They themselves must wear drab woolens in protection against that smog of their own making which hangs in the dank atmosphere like a strangling virus.

In the middle of this close-knit conglomeration of towns and cities, this teeming steaming ant world sprawled in the hollows of black and shaggy moors, this vast mosaic of streets and tracks through which for fifty miles in all directions trams and trolley buses crawl like illuminated beetles, the stranger would never see where Oswaldtwistle begins or ends. But Lancashire folk know and they recoil from the Gobblins as from a caricature of themselves.

Burlesque comics are the only people who raise



Suspicious of alarm clocks, they hire knockers-up at a bob a week.

the indelicate subject of Oswaldtwistle in public. They utter its sibilant syllables with disgusting relish through ill-fitting false teeth and chalk up another cheap laugh. Sometimes they vary the routine with Heckmondwike, Hognorton or Giggleswick. But none of these has unseated Oswaldtwistle as Britain's number one gag town.

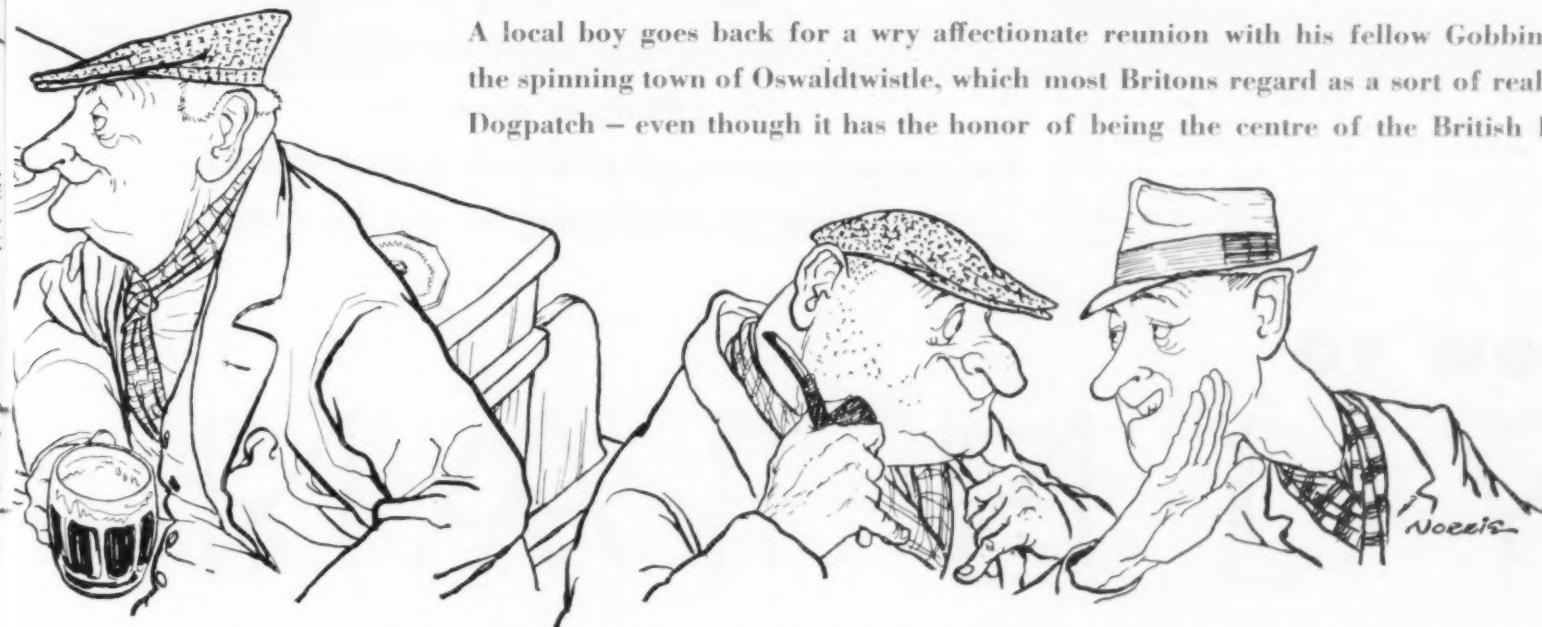
There are millions in the south of England who think Oswaldtwistle is some legendary abode of hobbledehoys like Al Capp's Dogpatch. Geoffrey Mather, a local journalist, once admitted: "Oswaldtwistle is not one of those names which fall trippingly from the tongue like Ashby-de-la-Zouch or Winterborne Gunner. It savors rather of the shower of nails on a corrugated iron roof."

No tourist has ever been seen there. No poet has ever sung its praises. No artist has ever painted its scenery. No foreign journalist has written it up. No celebrity has ever acknowledged it as home. And no British monarch has ever crossed its threshold. Oswaldtwistle's favorite comic is Frank Randle, who presents himself in the guise of a tattered bibulous little scallywag, fixes his audience with a glassy prurient grin, and says: "E-e-e-eeh, I feel as lively as a butcher's dog!"

Sir Thomas Beecham would never dream of taking his orchestra to Oswaldtwistle because he knows full well he'd be humiliated by gloating allusions to the pills which made his father a million in nearby St. Helen's.

There is also a macabre undertone to Oswaldtwistle humor which is *Continued on page 45*

A local boy goes back for a wry affectionate reunion with his fellow Gobblins in the spinning town of Oswaldtwistle, which most Britons regard as a sort of real-life Dogpatch — even though it has the honor of being the centre of the British Isles



Contemptuous of anyone who gets blotto, the Gobblins' social life centres around pubs like the Shoulder of Mutton.

YOUR
PLACE
IN
THE
SUN



The sun can be your undoing
unless you learn the simple rules
for getting a good tan.

For instance, you're not safe from a peeling back
even when you can't see the sun for clouds

HOW TO SUNTAN

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

JULY IS with us again and most of us are ready to prostrate ourselves as annual burnt offerings. Dark glasses in one hand, oily mixture in the other, and wearing as little as the law will allow, we are waiting for the first really hot week end to sprint for the burning sands. There we will cook all day in the sun, soaking up ultraviolet rays like so many sponges, turning from white to pink and then to red. At sundown we will drag home charred carcasses that cry out for first aid, and maybe we won't show up for work until the following Tuesday.

This ritual is called "Getting a good tan."

Doctors have a more scientific description: *erythema, edema, pruritus, desquamation and pain*—meaning that the skin reddens, swells, itches, peels and aches—and they go on record once again this year as stating that too much sun is definitely not a good thing.

It's even possible, some doctors say, that the girl who "just lives on the beach" and the boy who spends all his summers on the lake with his boat may be storing up trouble for themselves in the form of disfiguring skin cancer twenty years from now. Those of us with less leisure may be luckier in the long run, acquiring nothing more fearsome than a series of painful burns, a spoiled summer, and the knowledge that our frequent absences from work are just as truly sabotaging industry as would a prolonged series of strikes. In 1948, for instance, it was estimated that the number of man-and-girl days lost because of sunburn troubles amounted to four hundred and twenty-five thousand in Canada, or roughly the same number as were lost through strikes in the first five months of that year. Canadian firms spot-checked by the Financial Post at that time confirmed that many of their employees were unable to come in Mondays, and sometimes even Tuesdays, because of too much sun over the week end.

Sunburn, like poison ivy and seasickness, is often regarded as a low-comedy affliction. Certainly there can be nothing classically tragic in the spectacle of a man with a bad sunburn. His eyes are puffy, his nose swollen, his face glistens like a polished board and his neck resembles a piece of raw meat. A sunburned woman, while not so funny, is usually messier, with her shiny nose and dried-out hair, her painfully flaming upper arms and her scorched back that shines like a stop light through her thin white blouse.

In spite of all this practically nobody is discouraged from trying to get as much sun as he possibly can. The vacationer who comes home from his summer holidays still recognizably Caucasian is no vacationer at all.

Actually, medical opinion varies sharply and sometimes confusingly on the beneficial effects of summer sunlight. The sun's ultraviolet rays furnish the body with extra vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, which prevents rickets and goes to make strong bones and teeth. This is fine for children, but whether adults need added vitamin D seems to be another matter.

One doctor states: "More vitamin D for adults would prevent a large number of the fractures of old age." Another counters, "Any healthy adult can get enough vitamin D in the fats and oils he eats and the sunshine he picks up on his way to work."

Another medical dispute concerns ultraviolet rays and their penetration of thick tan. A few years back a western Ontario doctor complained about happy holi-

day crowds lying in the sun all day covering their bodies with thick coats of tan. The acquired tan would act as a shield against the entry of healthful ultraviolet rays all the rest of the year, he claimed. His advice was, "Don't tan your whole body. Leave a few windows open to the sun." Other doctors then asked for proof that a tan keeps out further ultraviolet rays. Besides, they added, the amount of healthful rays the average city dweller was likely to attract on his arms, legs and face during the off-season months was negligible.

Skin cancer is blamed on too much sunlight by some medical authorities. They claim that in Australia, where sun-bathing is almost a religion, there is a greater amount of skin cancer than anywhere else in the world. Wartime studies in the South Pacific by military doctors showed that fifty-five percent of cancer of the lip was caused by weeks of exposure to scorching skies. Sailors, farmers, and market gardeners, many of whom work unprotected under a hot sun, suffer the highest incidence of skin cancer.

A leading dermatologist at an Ontario radiotherapy institute confirms this, admitting that fifty percent of all skin cancers he sees have been caused by overexposure to the sun over a long period of time. He adds hastily that this fact shouldn't prevent anyone from enjoying a normal amount of summer sun.

Public-health officials agree the sun is not necessarily the trusty friend many people think, and warn that too much sun, under certain conditions, can cause fatal sunstroke. Beauty experts speak critically of women who insist on acquiring a deep tan. "They're hastening the wrinkles of old age," they warn.

All of which seems to add up to: Some sun is fine; too much sun can be dangerous.

To figure out how much sun you can safely take it's necessary for you to know something of how the sun's rays work on your skin.

First of all there are different kinds of rays but only one of them—the ultraviolet ray—is responsible for sunburn. Of the two kinds of ultraviolet rays, long and short, it's the short one that is particularly dangerous. You're not necessarily safe on a dull or cloudy day either, because ultraviolet rays are still around. Because they are reflected by sand and snow and water and sky and the molecules of the atmosphere, you can be badly burned even on a dull and cloudy day. Skiers know that the worst burns of all come in winter when the innocent-feeling ultraviolet rays are shot back up at the body by the best of all reflectors, snow.

How strong are the ultraviolet rays? That depends on a number of different factors, such as the altitude and latitude of the country (the higher the country the stronger the rays), the weather, the amount of smoke in the sky (city dwellers are less liable to sunburn than country folk because of the large amount of industrial smoke hovering over city streets), the time of day (noon is the danger period), and the angle at which the rays strike your body (the more slanted the ray the less likelihood of a bad burn).

The minute you bare your body to the sun both kinds of ultraviolet ray go to work on your skin: the short rays which burn and the long rays which tan. Just how they operate is currently a disputed point among biophysicists. Until recently it was the accepted theory that

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SAFELY



HOW MOUNT LOGAN WAS CONQUERED

By BARBARA MOON

AT EIGHT o'clock in the watery green light of an Arctic evening three Canadians and three Americans looked down thousands of feet at a sea of ice with a surf of clouds tossing restlessly up at them. Scores of jagged mountain peaks floated below on the white expanse like walnuts on the frosting of a cake.

The men were standing nineteen thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above sea level on a tiny triangular pinnacle scarcely larger than the floor of a bungalow kitchen. They were on top of Mount Logan, highest peak in Canada, second highest in North America, largest mountain in bulk of the western hemisphere.

The climbers lingered twenty minutes—just long enough to shake hands solemnly and to push into the wind-pitted ice a thumb-sized tube containing their names and the date: June 23, 1925.

The slim brass tube will have weathered away in the twenty-seven years since that moment. But the conquest of Mount Logan in the Yukon's St.

Elias range is still remembered as "one of the truly memorable feats of mountaineering history."

It was a sportsman's venture. Like the trout angler who permits himself only the flimsiest of leaders and the tiniest of hooks, these men were purists. They used no oxygen. They had no professional guides. No army of porters sweated their equipment to within striking distance of the summit. No pitons—the metal spikes driven into sheer mountain faces to create artificial hand or rope holds—were used.

Yet the men were pitting themselves against a mountain so inaccessible that no one had been closer than forty miles to it, so incredibly huge that its base circumference was more than one hundred miles, so high that it towered fourteen thousand feet above the glaciers coiled against its flanks, and so storm-harried that it has often been compared with Mount Everest.

Under their self-imposed rules they walked 637 miles in 63 days, spent 44 days on ice, backpacked

loads up to 84 pounds for 272 miles and climbed a total of 79,700 feet or four times the actual height of the mountain.

Hagridden by avalanches, temperatures down to thirty-three below zero, capricious fogs and sudden blizzards, battling snowblindness, frostbite, hallucinations and the deadly lassitude of altitude exhaustion, six of the eight climbers who started got to the top.

But mountains abide by no Marquis of Queensberry code. The punctilio was all on one side.

Logan lashed out after the bell: the trip down the mountain was a nightmare race with death. Blinded and delirious, the men lost their way, clung to icy slopes while shrieking winds threatened to pry them loose and hurl them to the glaciers below. They plunged into crevasses, found their caches destroyed, narrowly missed drowning in a glacial stream. The leader came closest to death—he didn't know how close till two years afterward.

When the Canadian Alpine Club decided in 1922

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

The forbidding fortress that is
 Canada's highest mountain defied
 all invaders until in 1925 six
 stubborn men waged and won a
 nightmare battle that continued
 after the pinnacle was reached

Above the clouds Logan's ultimate peak at 19,850 feet is guarded by a heart-breaking range of sawtooths, glaciers and crevasses.

to tackle Logan, interest in mountaineering was at fever pitch. That was the year of the first expedition to Mount Everest in the Himalayas under Brig.-Gen. C. G. Bruce. The Canadians were fired to attempt their own highest peak.

Logan, nine thousand feet lower than Everest, is fifteen hundred miles nearer the North Pole, a fact that tends to equalize temperature and weather conditions on the two peaks. Furthermore Logan has thirty-five hundred more feet of glacial snow and ice to be negotiated than Everest.

The mountain, named for Sir William Logan, founder of the Geological Survey of Canada, lies in the extreme southwestern corner of the Yukon Territory just over the line from the Alaska panhandle. Here the endless sharpening shoulders of the St. Elias range shake off vast glaciers that creep down in frozen torrents to brim the valleys between. Humid onshore winds from the Pacific



Twenty thousand pounds of supplies were packed in to the advance base in fifty-below weather.

Ocean bring sudden fog banks and driving snow.

This little-known chaos of mountain and ice straddles the international boundary and parallels the coast for about eleven hundred miles. It's the most intensely glaciated area in the world outside Greenland and the two Poles, and the St. Elias range is the mightiest mountain group on the continent. It includes eight of the fifteen highest North American peaks. Most massive of these, and second in height only to Alaska's Mount McKinley (20,269 feet), is Logan.

Eighteen miles from west to east, the mountain is a frozen lonely humpback crowned by an eleven-mile sawtooth ridge rising higher and higher to its final peak at the eastern end. The nearest outpost is a hundred and fifty miles away across terrain so rugged that eighty-five miles of the Yukon-Alaska boundary which bisects it were left unsurveyed by the 1913 international-boundary survey.

When Capt. Albert H. MacCarthy, chosen by the Canadian Alpine Club to lead its expedition, first arrived at the railhead the local barber told him, "You'll never get no place out toward Logan, that's a cinch."

MacCarthy and his party weren't discouraged so easily.

They had been picked carefully. MacCarthy, an American whose father had come from Brockville, Ont., was a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, as well as a lawyer and an engineer. He had a luxury summer home in the Kootenays and a nearby cattle ranch and was a member of both Canadian and American Alpine Clubs. In 1913 he had been on the first ascent of Mount Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. At fifty he was tough, knowledgeable and disciplined, with the look of an indomitable little Scots laird.

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Six on the summit. From left: Taylor, MacCarthy, Carpé, Foster, Lambart; Read took this photo on June 23, 1925.

CONQUERED



HOME - THE LAST SWEATSHOP

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS



DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY

When are women going to smarten up? For years men have told them how to run their homes like offices. But even with hubby drying the dishes they keep on working like bewildered drudges



THE Age of Efficiency, along with its corollary, the Age of Leisure, is a cruel and bitter hoax. We who invented and live among its social and engineering miracles—its five-day week, its turbines and its vacuum cleaners—have been robbed of the fruits of our creation. The chief culprit is also one of the chief victims. She's the housewife who, surrounded by a cornucopia of electric egg beaters, waffle irons, broilers, floor waxers, laundry machines, dishwashers, chemical detergents, dirt-resisting fabrics and improved techniques for using older tools, either disregards them or brings to their employment a triumphant capacity for wasting time and energy that even science cannot cope with.

Two generations of technical progress in the factory, on the farm and in the office have enabled the average breadwinner to reduce by as much as fifty percent the amount of time required to earn a living for himself and his family. A lesser though still substantial degree of technical progress has been achieved in the design, equipment and servicing of the home. But the amount of time required to maintain the average home in physical order is still of sweatshop proportions. The family that finances its home on a forty- or forty-four-hour week still keeps house on an eighty-hour or a ninety-hour week.

The result is that more and more men are spending more and more time on household chores. Depending on who's appraising their motives, they do this because they have an essential sense of justice; because they are weakly indulgent of female failings; or because they are henpecked. But the husband with dishpan hands is a far more significant figure in society than the haunted hero of a gag cartoon. In his own sheepish way he dramatizes and underlines one of humanity's most ignominious and needless failures. For centuries we've been groping toward a better-planned and more relaxed life for both the sexes, with more time for the children and for books and fishing and music and talking with the neighbors, and although we've come a certain way a large portion of the gains have been wiped out simply because we can't get our homes running efficiently. Drudgery hasn't disappeared; it has merely transferred its centre of gravity from the place of business to the place of living.

A recent Gallup poll asked Canadian men: "Do you ever help with the housework?" Seven out of ten confessed (or boasted, as the case might be) that they did. Of these, twenty-three percent helped regularly, seven percent on week ends and forty-one percent occasionally. Only twenty-nine percent never helped at all and presumably many of these represented homes in which there were domestic servants.

That work—or what passes for work—consumes a staggering amount of time in the average home is a proposition so clearly and firmly established that even the tiny garrison of unreconstructed males who still practice wife-beating no longer dispute the statistical evidence. No precise figures have ever been compiled for Canada, but in the adjoining and similar civilization of the United States the Federal Bureau of Home Economics interviewed fifteen hundred families and found the average devotee eighty-two hours a week to household labor. Fifty hours of this is provided by the housewife and the other thirty-two are supplied by the children, by the servants (if any) and by the head of the house. Farm families put in ninety-four hours a week and families which include children a year old or less ninety-eight hours a week. As responsible a magazine as Saturday Night estimated five years ago that the value of the work done by Canada's housewives amounted to more than half the national income.

Are these forbidding costs of home management really necessary? Since 1900 that part of the nation's labor force which works outside the home has doubled its production per person and still reduced its time per person on the job by an average of twenty-five percent. Why has that part of the labor force which works inside the home failed even to approximate these advances toward the better life? In most homes the production of goods and services has not increased but has actually declined. It's no longer the usual thing for a housewife to make her own and her children's clothes, bake her own bread and fill the cellar with preserves each fall. But fewer than three housewives in ten are able to run their households without assistance. Why?

A large part of the answer lies in the physical nature of the house. For all the talk about functional homes, the home wasn't meant to be a factory. Even those fancifully streamlined products of modern design which go under the austere name of "living machines" can't begin to match the factory in sheer cold efficiency. And most of the homes in use today were built or designed before words like functional and living machine were in fashion. If it's true that most homes are easier to work in than they used to be and better equipped with aids for the worker, it's also true that they're not assembly lines. Mom hasn't had an even chance to match her husband's spectacular strides in output per hour.

Nevertheless, a large part of the gap—an unnecessarily large part—lies not in working tools but in working methods.

No executive would tolerate in his office the methods used in his home. No worker would dream of doing things on the job the way he and his wife do them at home. A mechanic lays out the tools he'll need before he starts on a job. But when his wife makes a cake very likely she mixes the batter, then washes excess batter off her hands so she can get a spoon out of a drawer, then digs out the pan (generally buried under five other utensils). A garment maker has a receptacle at his table to sweep scraps into. But when he helps clear up after dinner he trots back and forth from sink and stove to garbage pail. A professional janitor uses a long-



Treat your sacroiliac to a long-handled broom.

handled pushbroom of fine bristle and a long-handled dustpan. But his wife punishes her sacroiliac a dozen times a day bending over a short dustpan.

And when a woman herself works in industry, as the Department of National Health and Welfare reports, she's given lighter and longer wrenches to reduce strain, her table is adjusted to the right height, the material is placed to reduce the number of body motions and eliminate long reaching. But when she gets home she stoops over an ironing board that more often than not has no relation to her height, and wields a six-pound iron that would tire a strong man. In industry, if an operation can't be adjusted to a tall woman an efficient foreman even goes to the length of choosing a shorter one.

It may not be easy to find a wife to fit housekeeping equipment, but it's possible in many other ways to save some of the precious hours sacrificed to drudgery. Industrial engineers, architects and home economists have produced a wealth of helpful tools, materials

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Spray junior and cut down those laundry hours.

They're Betting Newfoundland's Bankroll

Premier Joey Smallwood, with a refugee expert named Alfred Valdmanis calling the shots, is gambling millions on an industrial revolution that is already changing Canada's newest province

By IAN SCLANDERS



When spurned by Canadian, United States and British capital, Premier Smallwood took his big ideas to Germany where they took firm root.

THIS is about a premier, a refugee and a gamble. The premier, Joseph R. Smallwood, is the former newspaper reporter and radio commentator who led Newfoundland into Confederation. The refugee, Alfred A. Valdmanis, is a Latvian who was Europe's youngest cabinet minister in the 1930s. Imprisoned first by the Russians and then by the Germans in World War II, Valdmanis is now Smallwood's "director-general of economic development" at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Smallwood and Valdmanis — and this is the gamble — are betting Newfoundland's bankroll of forty-three million dollars that they can industrialize the province.

If they succeed there will be more jobs, higher wages and better living standards for Newfoundland's population of three hundred and sixty thousand. Rivers will be harnessed to provide

power, mines will be opened, poverty-stricken fishermen will be taken out of dories and put into factories to make such things as furniture from firewood, margarine and fur coats from seals, footwear and handbags from fish skins.

If they fail those millions of dollars will vanish down the drain.

"But," declares Smallwood with a confident smile, "we won't fail. We're tired of hearing that all Newfoundland can do is catch cod, so we're proving it isn't true."

His eyes sparkle as he talks of the new manufacturing plants his expenditures and policies have brought into operation: a cement plant (three and a half million dollars), a gypsum plant (two and a half millions), a birch mill (two millions). Among about two dozen other enterprises under construction or soon to be built are a steel mill, a tannery, a machinery plant, a plaster plant, a furniture

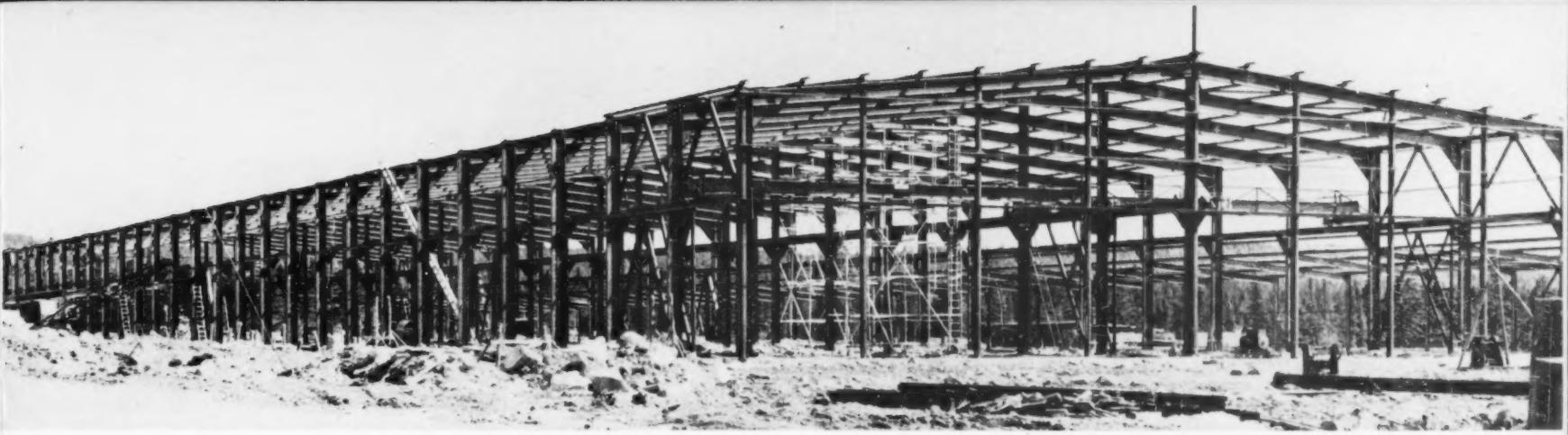
factory, an aluminum mill, an oil-hardening plant and a textile mill.

Smallwood, who is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, is a dynamic intense man who suddenly found himself in a position to try to turn a cherished dream into a reality. The idea of reshaping the economy of his native island hatched in his agile mind long ago.

From the time he was a boy he saw around him people who worked hard but didn't earn enough to buy necessities. As he grew up, half his schoolmates left Newfoundland because it lacked opportunities. Then, when the depression struck in the 1930s, tens of thousands of Newfoundlanders almost starved on a direct relief allowance of six cents per day per head. Smallwood decided that Newfoundland was too small to keep on being an independent country, and also that it suffered from a codfish complex.



Kicked around by the Russians, then the Germans, Dr. Alfred Valdmanis is now the high-salary boss of Newfoundland's economic development.



At Octagon Lake, near St. John's, steel was rigged this spring for the first wing of a twenty-five-million-dollar plant which will turn out heavy machinery.

It seemed to him that cod had been so important to Newfoundland for centuries that Newfoundlanders—and the rest of the world—had concluded that Newfoundland hadn't much else. True, some local secondary industries had sprouted feebly in the shelter of tariff walls, and outside capital had erected two pulp-and-paper mills and had exploited several mineral deposits. But more than half the population continued to exist in a mean and insecure sort of way by catching and drying cod. Smallwood felt Newfoundland was capable of providing a far more abundant life for Newfoundlanders.

As a twenty-five-dollar-a-week reporter, and later as a forty-five-dollar-a-week radio commentator, there wasn't a great deal he could do about his theories. But the opportunity came when he was elected Newfoundland's first provincial premier under Confederation.

Immediately he was up against an emergency. For decades there had been a constant exodus of young people to the mainland. Now, with the immigration barriers down, it looked as though the steady outflow might swell into a flood. Smallwood realized he had to act quickly to inspire confidence. So in newspaper interviews and radio speeches he announced that Newfoundland would be industrialized, that it was destined to be a great and wealthy province, and that he had a program which would usher in unprecedented prosperity. He talked most people into staying around at least long enough to see what would happen. The rush of Newfoundlanders for the mainland was stemmed.

Smallwood immediately hired a team of experts from Nelson Rockefeller's International Basic Economy Corporation in New York to survey Newfoundland's basic economy for seventy-five thousand dollars. On top of this he laid out half a million dollars for hydro, mineral and forest surveys. This large-scale stocktaking—the first phase in his plan—confirmed his opinion that

Newfoundland's possibilities had been ignored.

The next phase was to have the natural resources put to use. This required capital. Nobody was anxious to invest heavily in an island which had always been pictured as barren and backward. Smallwood was rebuffed by most of the Canadian and U. S. industrialists he attempted to interest.

But he had an ace up his sleeve. When the commission government wound up its affairs it had handed over an accumulated surplus of forty-three million dollars. Smallwood had hoped to spend this on badly needed roads, schools, hospitals and housing projects. But now he reasoned that these would result in no permanent economic gains and he resolved to risk part of the money on industries. He didn't want to leap into this without a competent adviser at his side and he asked C. D. Howe, federal Minister of Trade and Commerce, where he could engage a man with industrial and financial know-how. Howe dug out a file on Dr. Alfred Valdmanis, a Latvian DP who had done assignments for his department.

Valdmanis, the file said, was born in 1909 at Riga, son of a history professor. In World War I, Latvia had lost a whole generation defending the eastern front against the Germans and afterward it had to train new leaders to replace those who were killed. The schools had been combed for the most promising boys and seven hundred had been picked out to be educated by the state. Among them was Valdmanis.

All but eighteen eventually flunked out. Valdmanis, who passed easily, was sent to universities in Latvia, France and Germany, took a doctor's degree in law and a master's degree in economics and learned to speak English, French, German, Russian and Italian. Latvia then arranged to apprentice him for practical experience to a number of famous European industrialists and financiers, for brief periods.

Back in Riga, Valdmanis joined the government

service and was given a portfolio when he was in his middle twenties. By 1938, when he was twenty-nine, he was minister of finance, industry and economics and had full charge of Latvia's economy. The country, with its population of two millions, was still staggering from World War I. Under Valdmanis it recovered.

Then, in 1940, the Russians swept into Latvia and Valdmanis was thrown into a concentration camp. In 1941 the Germans drove the Russians from Latvia and Valdmanis was freed. He headed a movement aimed at stopping Latvians from fighting for Hitler. In 1943 he was arrested and interned in Germany. When Germany fell Valdmanis was appointed to the civil affairs division of U. S. Army headquarters. From there he went to Geneva as senior staff member of the International Refugee Organization. Then he came to Canada as professor of economics at Carleton College, Ottawa.

Studying the file on Valdmanis, Smallwood beamed. This was the man he'd been searching for—a man who had done for Latvia a job similar to that which Smallwood proposed to do for Newfoundland. He offered him ten thousand dollars a year to start with. Valdmanis agreed to spend six months in Newfoundland.

Valdmanis arrived at St. John's in June 1950 and found lots to do. Newfoundland surprised him. It had roughly the same potentialities as Latvia. Even the climate was similar. While Newfoundland's population was smaller and more scattered and its transportation inferior, these disadvantages were offset by water power, fine timber stands, rich minerals.

Like Smallwood, he soon discovered that the worst handicap to be overcome was the idea that Newfoundland was destined forever to be just a fishing island. And he saw, too, that provincial funds would have to be gambled on new factories if there were to be any

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Two million dollars of government money has gone into this birch mill. Formerly used only for firewood, the island's birch stands are now being processed into flooring, plywood, tabletops.



German industrialists Dorn (left), and Franzen meet writer Sclanders at site of new tannery.

SOMETIMES those one-line fillers you see in newspapers are more fascinating and provocative than major news stories, and one of this kind turned up not long ago in the watchful and sympathetic New York Times. It went like this: "When a female mole is caught in a trap, the male often worries so much that he starves to death." My wife read this item aloud to me, in a reproachful tone, clearly implying that the male of any species, including mine, would be awkwardly helpless, and just go to pieces, if he came upon his mate caught in a trap, or bound and gagged and locked in the linen closet. I spoke up before she could get off whatever sardonic comment was on the tip of her tongue.

"Devoted little fellow, the ground mole," I said quickly.

"Note that he does not seize this golden opportunity to run away with the female chipmunk that lives in the oak tree. No, he stands loyally by, thinking of Mama and grieving over her fate."

"In a tomcat's eye he does," said my wife. "The item does not say 'grieves,' it says 'worries.' It was obviously written by a male. You would think that the male mole was in a worse dilemma than the female. The trouble with the male is—"

"The trouble with the female is that she is constantly walking into traps," I cut in. "I will never forget that awful, cold night on Third Avenue when we couldn't get a cab, and one suddenly drove up from nowhere and stopped, and a man got out of the back seat, held open the door, and said, 'Get in.' Before I could stop you, you got in and I had to follow. It turned out that we were in a gyp cab and that the gallant gentleman who had offered to share his taxi was, in reality, a burglar."

"He was not a burglar, he was only a pickpocket," my wife said, "and besides, he dropped us at our apartment building, and he didn't steal anything. You are trying to change the subject."

"You were just lucky that night. You should always avoid doors that are held invitingly open," I warned her, "especially those that are held open by a small stick, or by a pickpocket."

"All the male mole thinks about when he finds his mate in a trap," she went on, oblivious of my warning, "is where his next meal is coming from. That isn't his loved one he sees in the trap, it is his cook. The male knows that as soon as he finishes the crackers and milk—and the whisky—and is faced with the problem of cooking something, he is a gone male. He will starve to death out of ignorance, and not out of sorrow. You surely remember the time that you—."

"I don't want to go through that again," I said crisply, knowing full well what she was thinking about. She was thinking about the time I broke an egg into a dry hot skillet, and the egg exploded all over me. Or perhaps she was thinking about another adventure of mine in a kitchen, when I poured some dry Wheatena in the top of a double-boiler, filled the bottom part with water, and set the boiler on a gas jet, getting not cereal for breakfast, but only evaporation.

"How about the time you tried to fry that steak, when you were alone in the kitchen?" she asked. "It seems to me that the steak ended up on the floor."

LADY IN A TRAP

By JAMES THURBER

"It didn't 'end up' on the floor," I said, indignantly. "It was only on the floor for about ten seconds. Then I picked it up with something and washed it off in the sink."

"Go on," she said, sweetly, but I suddenly remembered something I had to do, excused myself, and left the room. My wife and I can never talk about the ineptitude of any male without bringing

his faults and flaws down on my own head, but this, I understand from my men friends, is an unfair trick, resorted to in argument by all wives.

A few days later, when she had driven over to the hairdresser's in Torrington, I decided to make a secret exploration of our pantry and kitchen, so that I could show an easy surprising familiarity with them the next time she said, "A man never knows where anything is." Since it was cook's day off, I had the house to myself, and I decided to proceed on the assumption that Mama was caught in a trap and that I had to prepare a meal for myself, without help from any female. The experiment proved, to my dismay, that the average husband would be lost in his own kitchen. Let us take not me, but a hypothetical husband named John, whose wife is caught in a trap.

Entering the kitchen, he is instantly surprised by its strangeness, and also by its neatness. He wanders into the pantry and sees a lot of drawers and cupboard doors. The first door he pulls open reveals nothing to eat, but only several shelves containing enough glasses of all kinds, it seems to him, for a family of fifteen—highball glasses, and glasses for sherry, cocktails, wine, and just plain water. The next door opens up to reveal two hundred plates, including the Spode set, and green glass ones for salad. Next he finds himself palely wandering among big useless platters and formidable tureens. He decides he is up too high and he opens a couple of cupboard doors flush with the floor, and gets tangled up with the things you make onion soup and shirred eggs in, and a lot of iron, copper, and aluminum objects, in a recess that becomes deeper and darker, at the end of which he uncovers a waffle iron. He hastily closes these doors and begins pulling out drawers filled with knives and spoons.

At this point he realizes that he should probably find the refrigerator, which he finally does, peering helplessly inside, getting his forefinger into some-

thing cold and sticky, and, at length, removing a head of lettuce wrapped in cheesecloth and two eggs. He sets these on the kitchen table, but the eggs begin to roll, so he puts them in his pocket.

Coffee is now the thing that comes to mind, but all he can find at first is a shelf holding raisins, cream of wheat, corn meal, noodles, rice, Jello, cake flour, Quaker oats, and baking powder. Not far from these he finds vanilla, spices, tabasco sauce, and a bottle of Worcestershire. He now feels that he is losing ground rapidly. Ten minutes later he finds the coffee in a can marked "Coffee," puts it on the kitchen table, takes off the lid, and finds himself, to his astonishment, placing the two eggs in the coffee can, where they will not roll. This, it occurs to him, is somehow wrong, and he remembers Christopher Columbus's solution of the problem of how to keep an egg from rolling. He takes out one of the eggs, strikes one end of it smartly on top of the table, and produces a small pool of yolk and white. The egg does not stand on end, as it should. It leaks. He leaves the other egg in the coffee can and begins to hunt for a percolator. This takes him back to the dark recess with the waffle iron and the other metal objects. There is no percolator, and he realizes why when he sees the Silex and remembers that the old-fashioned percolator is no more. John,

Should One Bury an Apron?

He knows he cannot work the Silex, so he gives up the idea of making coffee and thinks of opening a can of peaches. Before he can find a can of peaches, he has placed seventeen cans of other things on the floor. Now comes the problem of opening the peaches and he goes through the drawers looking for a can opener. He can't find one and remembers vaguely having heard something about an electric can opener. He looks around the walls and spots the Mixmaster, but something keeps him from trying to open the can of peaches by putting it in the Mixmaster and starting the thing. He is suddenly no longer hungry.

At this point the project of cooking something is completely abandoned, for he is faced with a much more urgent task: how to get rid of the mess he has created with the egg, and prevent his wife from finding out about it when she comes home. He tries to pick up the spattered egg, with no success, so he looks around for a cloth, and spots one neatly folded over the back of a kitchen chair. On this he wipes his eggy hands and, as the cloth

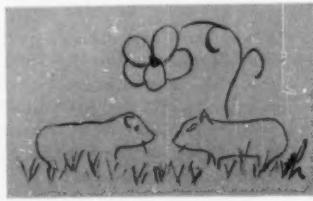
falls open, he sees that what he has hold of is an apron. Panic seizes him now, and he wipes up the broken egg with the apron. This doesn't seem to work too well, so he gets water in a glass and pours it on the table top and then wipes some more.

The dilemma now is what to do with the apron. Many a husband, living in the country, would get the spade and bury the apron outdoors, but John is at heart a city man. The wild idea crosses his mind that he can hide it in the garbage can, but a misty sense of the fitness of things restrains his hand. He hurries into the living room and stuffs the apron in the wastebasket, but even as he does so, the dreadful compulsion is forming at the back of his mind to wash out the evidence of his guilt. He takes the apron from the wastebasket, goes upstairs, runs a tub of hot water, and douses the apron.

What he has now is something so wet that it cannot possibly be dried before his wife gets home. At this point every husband works out his quandary in his own way. The more timid men may try to hide the wet apron inside an overcoat hanging in a closet, or under the clean pyjamas in a bureau drawer. The bolder ones, like me, will spread the thing over a radiator, or pin it to the shower curtain. When my own wife came home the day I wiped up the egg with the apron, I met her at the door and said, firmly, "While you were gone, I got some egg on an apron and washed it out. It is hanging from the study mantel. Do you want to make anything out of it?" I see no reason to tell what she made out of it. Every man is entitled to his own private life. Anyway, the wet apron was not what interested her most. What interested her most was the whole egg still lying in the coffee tin, the seventeen cans on the floor, each stained with egg, and the fact that I had found, in that dark recess, the waffle iron, which had been missing for fourteen months.

Incidentally, the New Yorker recently reprinted, as a news break, the filler about the lady in the trap. Some reader had seen it in the Topeka, Kansas, State Journal, where it went like this: "When a female mole is caught in a trap, the male's sorrow is often so great that he starves to death." The filler editor on the Topeka paper plainly shares my analysis of the male mole's emotions, and I showed the Kansas version to my wife, in defense of my position. She didn't want to talk about it. She still couldn't understand why I had put the egg on top of the coffee in the coffee can. Oh well, you know how women are. ★

A hypothetical husband named John, whose wife was foolish enough to get caught in a trap, decides to fend for himself and gets lost in a maze of noodles, tureens, peaches, eggs and mysterious metal objects





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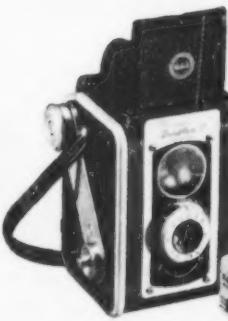
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BATTLE AT APACHE PASS: Jeff Chandler returns as Chief Cochise, the role he inaugurated so convincingly in *Broken Arrow*. Like all but a few screen sequels, though, the follow-up is inferior. The redskins keep switching confusingly from the Apache tongue to a sort of round Longfellow English, but some of the action scenes are fairly lively.

DEADLINE, U.S.A.: In spite of an overconcentration of crime mellerdrammer reminiscent of radio's bang-bang whodunits, this is far superior to Hollywood's average newspaper yarns. It also manages to be thoughtful, but not pompous, about the meaning of an unshackled press. Managing director Humphrey Bogart runs the show.

ENCORE: Another parcel of Somerset Maugham short stories, a bit repetitious in their sophisticated slickness but redolent with Maugham's mellow irony and humor. All three tales are vividly enacted by polished British casts.

HIGH NOON: A western drama of excelling qualities. It offers an unforgettable portrait of the people and places of a pioneer town during the one hundred suspenseful minutes before the start of a gun duel between marshal Gary Cooper and a vengeful killer he once sent to prison.

HONG KONG: A factory-built Oriental melodrama about a fortune-hunting ex-GI (Ronald Reagan), a red-haired mission schoolmarm (Rhonda Fleming), and a big-eyed Chinese orphan (Danny Chang) who twines his little fingers around their hearts. Nigel Bruce, as a Blimp-like bloke, is momentarily amusing.

HOODLUM EMPIRE: Excessively burdened with flashbacks, this exposé of big-time American crime syndicates has some compelling highlights but seems rather puny in comparison with the real-

life events it tries to simulate. The Kefauver newsreels were ten times more absorbing.

HUNTED: Brilliantly photographed but lacking originality, this British man-hunt drama is made memorable by the captivating face and quiet Scottish voice of a child actor named Jon Whiteley who responds amazingly to every command of director Charles Crichton. The boy is the willing captive of a fugitive murderer (Dirk Bogarde) who has, as you might imagine, a lot of sterling in his character.

LES MISERABLES: Victor Hugo's massive novel is given a conscientious but heavy-handed treatment in this Italian-made item, equipped with dubbed English dialogue. The tempo is unbearably slow; and some of the cutting, done to speed things up a little, is so inexpert that it makes the story hard to follow. Gino Cervi has the Jean Valjean role.

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS: Director Carol Reed, who did *Odd Man Out* and *The Third Man*, consummately conjures up the fetid atmosphere of the steaming East in this British filming of a Joseph Conrad novel. The result, although unrelievedly gloomy in impact, is a picture that haunts the mind of the beholder. Trevor Howard, Sir Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley and a wordless dark temptress named Kerima are in the first-rate cast.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD: An embarrassingly corny science-fiction job about some explorers — including a shapely female — seeking a subterranean haven from atomic horrors.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE IRISH: A garrulous but pleasant little British comedy. It's about a lazy blatherskite (Jack Warner) who puts himself and his family on Easy Street by spreading the false rumor that he has inherited a mint.

GILMOUR RATES

An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Anything Can Happen: Comedy. Good.
Appointment With Venus: Military comedy (British). Good.
Belles on Their Toes: Comedy. Fair.
Boots Malone: Turf drama. Excellent.
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
Flesh and Fury: Boxing drama. Fair.
The Galloping Major: Comedy. Fair.
The Greatest Show on Earth: De Mille circus melodrama. Fair.
Here Come the Nelsons: Comedy. Fair.
High Treason: Spy drama. Fair.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
I'll Never Forget You: Drama. Poor.
Invitation: Marriage drama. Fair.
It's a Big Country: Eight stories. Fair.
I Want You: Family drama. Fair.
Japanese War Bride: Drama. Fair.
Lady Godiva Rides Again: Satirical British comedy. Good.
Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.
Lydia Bailey: Adventure. Good.
Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.
Marrying Kind: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Mob: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Six Convicts: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Son John: "Message" drama. Fair.

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How Logan Was Conquered

Continued from page 19

Deputy leader was H. Fred Lambert, forty-five, of Ottawa, a member of the federal government Topographical Survey. Lambert was a big kindly man, outstanding for his grit and good cheer.

Col. (now Maj.-Gen.) W. W. Foster, also a Canadian, had been with MacCarthy on the Robson climb. He had commanded the 52nd Infantry Battalion and 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade overseas and in 1925 was president of Pacific Engineers Ltd., in Vancouver. A bold high-bridged nose and a military mustache suggested a discipline to match MacCarthy's, and he shared the leader's humor and courage.

The fourth member of the climbing party was the brilliant and volatile American, Allen Carpé. At thirty-one he was lean, dark and moody, with a smile that seldom reached his eyes. In a highly specialized research post with American Telephone and Telegraph Co. in New York, he was also known as an accomplished and daring alpinist.

The fifth was Andrew Morrison Taylor. Taylor came from a well-to-do Ottawa family but had turned to the life of hunter, guide and riverman in Alaska. Quiet and well-read, he looked, with his seamed face, spreading mustache and shy smile, like any of the sourdoughs that hit the Trail of '98 and the pages of Robert Service.

To this nucleus of five were added three Americans who volunteered to pay their transportation expenses to the starting point—the little Alaskan railhead one hundred and fifty miles from Logan called McCarthy (no connection with Capt. MacCarthy). The Americans were Norman Read, from Manchester, Mass., a stocky, athletic, self-contained man; lanky Henry Hall Jr., from Boston; and enthusiastic young Robert Morgan from Dartmouth College. All had considerable mountaineering experience.

Preparations for the expedition were exhaustive. The Canadian Alpine Club was joined by the American Alpine Club in soliciting the necessary funds—about thirteen thousand dollars—from club members and a few interested groups like the Royal Geographical Society.

Lists of supplies were drawn up. Food was of prime importance. High-altitude work demands carbohydrates rather than the fats necessary in low temperatures at sea level. The final list ranged from bacon, veal loaf, dehydrated vegetables and macaroni for the base camps to iron rations of lump sugar, sweet chocolate and pitted dates for the dash to the summit.

Tents, snowshoes, ropes and crampons (sets of spikes that fit over footgear to give purchase on ice) were tested beforehand.

Each was to supply his personal gear. MacCarthy made two recommendations: that socks be bought in graduated sets of five to fit over one another, and that "breathing" footgear like dry-tanned Indian moccasins be taken for use on the upper levels. Morgan and Lambert ignored this, to their sorrow.

Most vital part of the preliminaries was undertaken by MacCarthy. After a forty-five-day trip in the summer of 1924 to find the best route into the mountain base he reported that all heavy supplies would have to be taken in during the winter while the rivers were frozen over. He himself would supervise the operation.

In Feb. 1925 MacCarthy, Taylor and four Alaskans with bobsleds and dog teams freighted in twenty thousand pounds of food and equipment, in temperatures down to fifty-two below

zero, along the route the party would take later. At the western end of Logan, about ten miles from the base of the mountain and six thousand feet above sea level, MacCarthy cached four tons of supplies.

The grueling trip took sixty-nine days. MacCarthy returned from it a scant sixteen days before he was to head back toward Logan for the great assault.

On May 7 at Cordova, Alaska, MacCarthy met the boat from Seattle bringing the other seven, plus Hamilton Laing, of Canada's Department of Mines, who was to spend the summer studying the Chitina Valley flora and fauna. The train trip to McCarthy and final preparations took five days. The party headed up the Chitina Valley on foot on May 12.

They didn't see civilization again for sixty-three days.

Seven days took them to the beginning of the glaciers and seven more over the glaciers to MacCarthy's advance cache. The men began to toughen up as they plodded over the moraine with their sixty-five-to-eighty-five-pound packs. Their faces blistered in the sun while their feet turned ice in the melted glacier puddles. The hardening process stood them in good stead when they began relaying the four-ton cache along the glacier ten miles to the foot of the mountain.

At Night the Ice Roared

Here, in the shadow of Logan, they established their advance base camp. They were now at seven thousand eight hundred feet and about to set foot for the first time on the mountain proper. They had already walked one hundred and thirty-eight miles; the summit towered twelve thousand feet above.

Camp routine had by now been established. Carpé set out the barometers and thermometers at night; Foster took readings from them in the morning. Taylor was cook. His bread was particularly good, though Foster had to overcome some qualms the first time he saw the Alaskan take out the live dough saved from each batch to start the next: Taylor had it tucked away against his chest on a string, like an amulet.

On June 1 the eight men started up the mountain. It crouched above them like a great beast, its hacles splitting the clouds. Their route lay up its hip by way of a long trench and the trench in turn led to a broad saddle—the small of the back. Just below the saddle (or col) they established King Col camp at fourteen and a half thousand feet and, by June 13, had all their gear packed up that far.

Then they turned to follow the spine of the mountain. But the spine—a skyline series of peaks stretching to the east toward the summit—thrust up abruptly from the saddle in a one-thousand-foot precipice of ice.

They inched up this frozen cascade, bedeviled by storms and fog and zigzagging continually to avoid avalanches. A particularly murderous snowslide would send pulverized ice mushrooming from the glaciers below for a full ten minutes. At night the roar of snow and ice crashing down from the peaks was constant.

Finally they emerged at sixteen thousand eight hundred feet and established camp on Logan's backbone which swept on up to a great double peak three miles away and beyond it to a second double peak.

They had been climbing more than two weeks and already the mountain had taken its toll. The evening of June 16 MacCarthy wrote in his diary: "Party all in fair state, I hope, but

Continued on page 30



[†]Windshield sticker validates plate for 1952

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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

What Is Good Appearance?

The dollar you pay for a suit of clothes is not the yardstick of whether or not your appearance is good. The comment that a man looks well in his clothes may be just as readily applied to someone who spends much less money than to the man whose wardrobe is expensive.

The secret of good appearance is a matter of attention to detail as much as it is to an extensive wardrobe. Too often, busy men buy clothes on the run. Being too busy to pay attention to what you buy is a poor excuse for buying a wrong collar style simply because you haven't bothered to find out what is right for you.

Here are some basic rules that can be applied in selecting shirts and ties. If you are tall with a long neck and thin face, don't wear a standard type, low cut collar. Ask the salesman to show you a collar that's cut higher in the front with wider points. What you need is more collar to compensate for the length of your face and neck. Don't wear a long pointed collar either. You can wear stripes because collar stripes run around the collar, though if you have a thick neck, it's better to keep to plain materials.

Don't ever knot your tie in a long double knot, or puff it up with a tie slide worn close to the knot. Either or both tend to accentuate a longer neck and thin face.

Don't wear a round pointed collar if your face is round and fat. Don't wear a Windsor knot in your tie either, because it's a thick, short, fat knot and tends to accentuate your already too round look. A neat, medium collar style is best and a single knot in a medium to narrow tie.



AN ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED TO BETTER CLOTHES BUYING
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Continued from page 28
not strong for the work to be done."

MacCarthy himself had been suffering from snowblindness in spite of his snow glasses and the mosquito netting each swathed about his head. One night one of his eyes was so badly inflamed he couldn't sleep. The sun, of course, never set and the men snatched rest when they could, tailoring their schedule to snow and weather conditions. With temperatures down to thirty-three below zero they tried clasping their sleeping bags together and huddling four in each double bag. On several days blizzards or fog drove them back to camp; the men learned to mark their trail with willow wands that showed up against the snow for a quarter of a mile.

The altitude began to tell. Lungs felt shrunken and every step was an effort. The less seasoned younger men were obviously feeling the strain of uncertainty about what lay ahead.

There was dissension about how much farther they had to go. Some were sure the second double peak was the high point of the mountain. MacCarthy thought the real summit lay behind and beyond. He proved right.

They toiled on up toward the first double peak. Lambart in oiled leather boots and Morgan in shoepacks suffered badly frostbitten feet. The others had changed to their dry-tanned moccasins. Floundering through snow to their waists the men could manage only fifteen paces without resting.

Finally Morgan decided he should turn back. Hall volunteered to accompany him and on June 21 he and Morgan roped up and disappeared down the trail into the storm.

The rest consolidated camp at eighteen thousand five hundred feet on the first double peak. At that altitude it took every ounce of strength to bend and crawl in through a tent flap.

On June 22 the party worked its way painfully round the shoulder of the first double peak and camped beyond it as a storm hit. They were on a plateau in sight of the second double peak about three miles away. They decided to take the first weather break for what some still believed to be the summit. They had food for eight days there at Plateau camp but strength for a much shorter period.

A Mirror In the Fog

Tuesday, June 23, dawned on a dense fog. MacCarthy rose at five, at six, and then again at seven-thirty. Finally at ten it cleared. He cried his familiar, "All hands rise and shine, lash and carry."

Going a few paces at a time they struggled for six hours toward the summit ahead. At 4.20 they reached its top. They looked beyond.

There, two miles to the southeast, with a one-thousand-foot drop between the peaks, lay the true summit of Mount Logan. A sight with an Abney level showed this farther peak to be fifty feet higher.

They shouldered their packs doggedly. Part way across to the final summit they planted the last of their willow markers. At the far side a razorback ridge swept up to the pinnacle. MacCarthy, in the lead, chopped two hundred steps up to it. As he breasted the ridge he saw an incredible thing: in a fogbank ahead of him was a figure surrounded by an aura of light. He thought it was an hallucination; the altitude had been playing strange tricks.

It was a perfect, slightly magnified reflection of himself. The others, coming alongside, saw it too. Foster and Carpé recognized it as the Brocken



MACLEAN'S

spectre, an alpine phenomenon seen only once before on this continent. First recorded on the Brocken, a mountain in Germany, it occurs only when the observer is between the sun and a mass of cloud. His image is projected in the droplets of water as if the mist were a mirror.

The men turned from the spectre to the sharp ice cornice leading to the summit. Crampons bit easily into the knife edge. At 8 p.m. a last heave carried them over an ice ridge and onto the top. There, six dazed and exhausted figures wavered in the buffeting wind and stared—the first men to look down upon the towering St. Elias range from atop its highest peak.

Carpé and Read took photographs. The men were scarcely recognizable. Gaunt, sunken-cheeked, hollow-eyed, they peered from their ice-caked wrappings like bandaged mummies.

At 8.20 they began the descent. From that moment until they reached the railhead of McCarthy they fought a rearguard action against attacks more vicious than any encountered on the ascent.

Almost immediately dense fog rolled in from the Pacific, the temperature dropped sixteen degrees, snow blew up in blinding gusts. After crawling down only eight hundred and fifty feet in five hours they used their snowshoes to scoop hollows in the ice where they huddled all night and next morning.

By midday MacCarthy knew they would die there in the snow if they remained longer. It took him two hours to shake the men into action and get the ropes untangled. Taylor led the first rope with Lambart and Read, MacCarthy and Foster came behind supporting Carpé who was half-crazed with altitude and exhaustion.

Visibility was less than fifty feet. There was no way to judge direction. Their only hope lay in stumbling on the line of willow markers leading part way out from Plateau camp. But the world of white was as featureless as the darkness of the blind. Taylor or MacCarthy would take a step and fetch up flat against a sudden slope or plunge into a crevasse. Taylor tumbled thirty feet once, and MacCarthy fifteen. Only the ropes saved them.

They found the line of willow markers by sheer luck. Taylor's rope followed the willows safely around the second double peak and back toward the first; they reached Plateau Camp at 8.30 that night. MacCarthy's rope had more to suffer. They stopped once to urge Carpé to his feet. When they started again it was in the wrong direction. They floundered through the storm, lost, tortured by looming hallucinations of barns and shelters, gulping thin air into their shrieking

Continued on page 32

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- No. 4 Personnel Depot, 772 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
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Continued from page 30

lungs. At five the next morning they stumbled into Plateau Camp. It had been a thirty-four-hour ordeal and it took another thirty-one hours before the whole party could pull itself together to start again.

That day, June 26, was the most terrible of all. They circled the first double peak by way of a snow dome that bulged over the glaciers from its shoulder. Inching onto it they found a hard ice crust impossible to negotiate on snowshoes. At the moment they stopped to change to crampons a hurricane struck. While bare hands fumbled with the senseless tape lashings the temperature dropped, a howling wind was on their backs and the snow and sleet caught them.

Like beetles clawing over a glass bowl they crawled across the ice, digging in with crampons and ice picks and doubling under the blasts of the wind. Read alone escaped horrible frostbite that afternoon. Foster became completely snowblind. None could later explain how he saved himself from being swept off by the gale and dashed to the glaciers below. The four hours on the snow dome were the most perilous of the entire expedition.

Safely off the dome at last they fled headlong past the ruins of three of their camps, abandoning everything they had cached earlier except shoe-packs to use on the glaciers. As they stopped for these at the sixteen thousand eight hundred level MacCarthy suddenly doubled up with an agonizing stab in the abdomen.

Nauseated with pain he took his place on the rope to continue the stumbling flight down the great ice cliff to the saddle and King Col camp at fourteen and a half thousand. On the last stretches the men even abandoned crampons and snowshoes and ploughed down on foot.

At King Col camp they had to stop for rest and medical care. Lambart's toes were turning black with frostbite; the others had frozen feet or fingers. MacCarthy was suffering terribly from his stomach and could eat nothing. Foster fed him a little Klim with brandy and MacCarthy insisted on shouldering his full pack and going on.

At midnight June 28 the party made base camp at the foot of Logan. In his diary MacCarthy wrote: "Tents in bad shape. I in worse condition." There was food at base camp but all he could stomach were dill pickles which he chewed, allowing the juice to trickle down his throat.

They rested for two days before starting down the glaciers to the headwaters of the Chitina. But bears had destroyed both glacier caches. They had to keep going thirty hours to reach a food cache left by government biologist Laing, who was summering in the Chitina valley. Next day they limped into Laing's own camp on the river.

They still had to get out to the McCarthy railhead.

To walk eighty-eight more miles seemed impossible. They decided to build rafts and float downstream on the swollen Chitina. On July 11 Taylor, Read and Lambart launched one raft which they named the Logan; MacCarthy, Carpé and Foster launched the Loganette. The Logan was beached opposite McCarthy by evening. The three passengers hiked into town and sent out the news that Mount Logan had been climbed.

The Loganette, however, had gone only eighteen miles when it was swept out into a crosscurrent and overturned. Foster's head was struck and he went under. MacCarthy got Carpé and Foster to shore and they managed to work the raft over to a sandbar.

MACLEAN'S \$3,000 FICTION CONTEST

The contest, open to Canadian writers, closes Tuesday Sept. 2, 1952, at 5 p.m. EST. A copy of the rules and an official entry form, which must accompany each short story submitted, may be had by writing to:

MACLEAN'S FICTION CONTEST,
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,
TORONTO, ONT.

MacCarthy spent three hours in the icy river cutting loose the equipment lashed to the overturned raft. He succeeded in saving some dehydrated potatoes, a tin of tomatoes and some sardines which they ate while their gear dried. Then they shouldered thirty-pound packs and began a dogged seventy-mile march along the Chitina's gravel flats and sandbars and through the charred slash that lay on the upper banks like jumbled jackstraws. It took four days to reach McCarthy.

There they found Taylor about to start out with a pack train in search of them. Read, who was in excellent shape, had already left for Cordova, the Alaskan port. Morgan and Hall had also gone out. Lambart was in the local hospital. He had plodded most of the way down the mountain and out to McCarthy on feet so badly frozen that the skin had peeled off leaving only raw flesh. All his toes were later amputated.

MacCarthy was, strangely enough, feeling better.

King McKinley Got Carpe

While the news of Logan's conquest broke in the newspapers the climbers went quietly back to their homes. Two years passed before MacCarthy discovered how close he had come to death and why he had lived.

In 1927 at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minn., his doctor found the scar of a ruptured duodenal ulcer. Such a rupture is normally so painful that the patient cannot bear even to shift his position in bed. MacCarthy had carried his full pack a hundred and fifty miles after the ulcer had ruptured. The doctor told him only one man in a million could have survived it. Three things probably saved him: his splendid physical condition, particularly his strong abdominal muscles which served to pull together the edges of the breach; the juice of the dill pickles which acted as an astringent; and the three-hour ordeal in the Chitina's icy waters which completed the astringent work. The rupture had healed as cleanly as if surgery had been performed.

Vigorous and active at seventy-six, MacCarthy is living now in Annapolis, Md. His suite in lovely old Carvel Hall is lined with pictures of Mount Logan and other reminders of his great climb.

Three of the climbing party are dead. Carpé was killed on Alaska's Mount McKinley in 1932. His body has never been recovered. Taylor died quietly in 1945 and Lambart in 1946.

Morgan and Hall are living in the U. S. Hall has climbed all over this continent and in Europe and is currently president of the American Alpine Club.

Foster is living in Victoria, B.C., where he serves as commissioner of the

B. C. Power Commission. His broad-loomed office, like MacCarthy's suite, sports photographs of Logan. A large contour map of the Logan area decorates one paneled wall.

Perhaps the most amazing survivor is the stalwart sixty-one-year-old Read. On June 17, 1950, at 2:40 in the afternoon—exactly twenty-five years less six days after—he stood for a second time on the summit of Logan. With him were a Swiss guide and an Alaskan trapper. Though they and their supplies were flown to the base of the mountain the climb was a tough one. Storms hounded them and supplies ran out. They ate soup and raisins for one five-day stretch.

Afterward Read told a reporter he'd made the anniversary ascent to see if his legs could still take it.

There has been one other attempt to climb Logan. In 1948 the founder and president of the Explorers' Club of Pittsburgh, Ivan Jirak, wrote Foster and MacCarthy that he planned a solo ascent of Logan. Both, horrified, tried to dissuade him. MacCarthy called it a "gamble with suicide," but Jirak went ahead.

He started in from Kluane Lake on the Alaska Highway toward the eastern end of the mountain, a hundred and forty miles away. He got fifteen miles up Slims River, decided to avoid the glaciers by crossing to the other side, fell into quicksand and lost almost all his equipment. Without further ado he inflated his pneumatic mattress and floated back down the river to the highway. Neither Foster nor MacCarthy was surprised at Logan's cavalier dismissal of Jirak.

Both men know better than to underestimate a mountain. Their sense of Logan's personality is strong. MacCarthy explained recently that the mountain had to be studied like a woman for its whims and weaknesses. Foster said: "It's like riding a new horse. He's trying to ride you; you're trying to ride him. You want him fresh and in fighting trim. You want to give him a good ride, too, for horses like to be ridden properly." Neither would come closer than a simile to expressing how he felt about Logan or what drew him to climb it.

But all true mountaineers are near-mystics, and a mystic finds his cult impossible to explain to the uninitiated: he doesn't climb mountains for money or science or glory or the other motives laymen understand.

You could have asked the climbers of Logan in 1925 why they were going out to court hardship and death. They might well have taken refuge in George Mallory's answer. Before he lost his life with A. C. Irvine on Mount Everest in 1924 Mallory was asked why he was attempting the peak.

He replied simply: "Because it's there." ★

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London Letter

Continued from page 4

bill—but we wished that the cripples had not been singled out.

There were furious scenes in some of the late sittings and Crookshank never stopped punching no matter how hard Bevan hit back. Finally the Government announced it would use the guillotine to get the bill through and the socialists worked themselves up to a great fury. The last debate ended at fifteen minutes past six in the morning.

After the hubbub had died down Crookshank was replaced as Minister of Health by thirty-eight-year-old Iain Macleod, but retained leadership of the House. Macleod, who has been in parliament only two years, won some renown in the early spring when he bested Nye Bevan in a heated debate on socialized medicine.

There have been other blunders. As a party the Conservatives have a historic distrust of publicity, preferring to air their views in parliament and on the public platform and leaving the Press to deal with their speeches as it sees fit. This is admirable up to a point, but, unfortunately, the study of public relations has become an intensive development in a modern society.

So we move to blunder No. 2—the increase in London transport fares. Under the Labour Government, in its progress toward the ideal civilization, rail and road transport was nationalized. With a mixture of wisdom and an instinct for survival the socialists then decreed that there should be a board of management to run each nationalized industry and that parliament would not interfere with the day-to-day running. Also, if the workers demanded increased pay, the matter would be referred to a tribunal. Thus did the socialists wash their hands of direct responsibility.

While they were still in power the London transport workers and the workers on the national railways asked for more pay, and the matter was referred to the two appropriate tribunals. Churchill's Government subsequently came to power and in the month of March there were the important county-council elections in which the people would have the first chance to vote since the general election. Needless to say the political parties

regard the county elections as supremely important, not merely from an executive point of view but as propaganda.

A week before this election the appropriate tribunal announced an all-round increase for the London transport workers and a corresponding increase in fares. Clerks, factory workers, typists, civil servants, shop assistants, charwomen, schoolteachers and all the teeming millions who use the bus or underground trains of London were confronted with a startling rise in the price of tickets.

With an utter lack of logic the storm centred on the Government. So this was Tory misrule again! Here was the nation once more under a "soak-the-poor" administration. As an MP for a London seat I was engulfed with protests from my hurt and puzzled constituents. No one doubted that the increase had been ordered by the Tory Minister of Transport, and the socialists did nothing to enlighten the people.

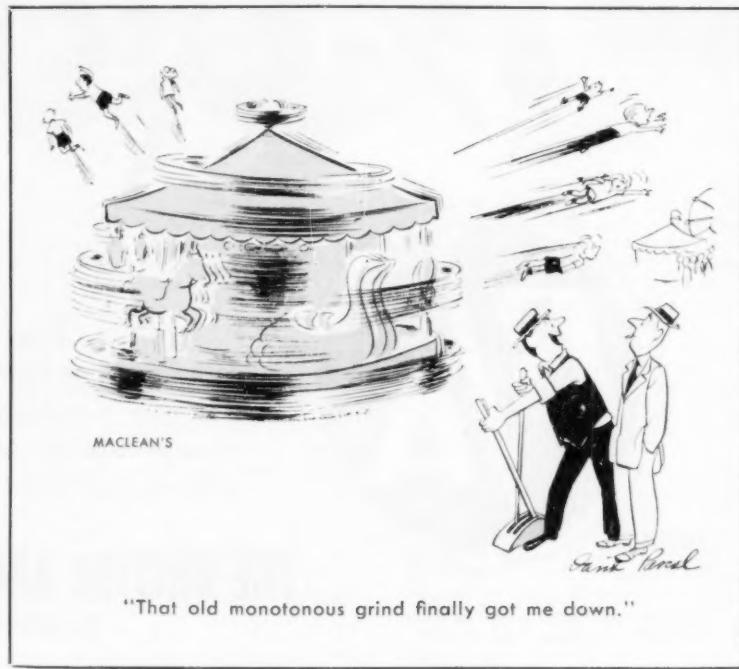
But curiously enough neither did the Tories do any enlightening. Not until four days had elapsed did the Minister of Transport declare in the House that the whole matter was outside his control, and that the system had been established by the socialists.

It was too late. The minister might as well have told a hurricane to turn back. The country went to the polls and threw the Tory county councils out in all directions. I was much pleased that in my own constituency the voters stood firm against the advancing tide, but then Southgate is a peculiarly enlightened constituency.

But the county-council election was not the end. Hardly had the Government picked itself up from the floor when the other tribunal announced increased railway fares right across the country. This time the minister explained at once that the Government was not responsible, an announcement which merely brought a shout of "Why not?"

And why not? There is no reason why we should regard the legislation perpetrated by the Labour Government as Holy Writ. They had scuttled from the responsibility of running the nationalized industries but that was no reason for the Conservatives to do the same.

This idea obviously struck Churchill who suddenly ordered a standstill in the London and national cases. It was



a dramatic thing to do, and was in keeping with his genius for going to the heart of a problem. But a standstill is not a solution and the candles burned late at No. 10 as Churchill and his colleagues grappled with this inherited problem. Nor was the situation made easier by the nervous breakdown of Jack Maclay, the Minister of Transport. Maclay's resignation followed and Churchill replaced him with the former colonial minister, Lennox-Boyd.

Meantime the rank and file of the Conservative Party was becoming very critical. There was no disloyalty to Churchill but we thought it was time something was done about that matter of public relations. So Churchill came to a secret conference with the private members and there was a lot of plain speaking.

As a result Churchill decided to create a super-publicity chief, a man in close touch with the cabinet, someone who had held high office in previous governments and would understand just what could and could not be revealed. As a liaison officer between the Government and the Press he would watch the temperature chart of public opinion and supply items of news that would act as a tonic or a soporific according to what the patient needed. And who was the genius chosen for this task? The sixty-eight year-old Lord Swinton, a man of much elegance, some shrewdness, and the holder of important ministerial posts in past governments.

We wish Swinton well but how can a man of sixty-eight become a publicity expert overnight? What does he know of the personalities, from the proprietors and editors downward, who control Britain's newspapers? He may confound the doubters and prove once more that Churchill's flair is as great as of old, but I cannot shed my lifelong belief that if you want to win the

Derby you do not put up a jockey who has never been over the course.

I have written all this with complete frankness and with the knowledge that my words may be held against me but the success or failure of Britain's Conservative Government concerns more people than those who live in these islands.

In foreign affairs, in the restoration of the value of the sterling, in lessening the dollar gap this government of Churchill's is making splendid progress. Churchill himself is supreme master of the House of Commons where his mind flashes like the rays of the noon-day sun. The world is richer and safer because destiny has given him these extra years. But we badly need a Herbert Morrison on our side, a man who knows what the dumb are thinking, who can read the meaning of a misty moon and understand the exasperation, yearnings and frustration of the backbenchers and the man on the street.

If necessary I would (regretfully of course) swap Lord Swinton for Herbert Morrison. Swinton would give tradition to a party that needs it and Morrison would teach the Tories about psychology, timing, showmanship and publicity—four subjects about which the Conservatives maintain a deep suspicion.

But since Morrison is not available and, up to the moment, Swinton is unassailable we must go on from day to day in the belief that deeds are more important than words and that our virtues will eventually triumph over our vacillations.

We are a good government. The only trouble is, if I may borrow the language of Schnozzle Durante who is visiting London, that we don't look so good.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is important. ★



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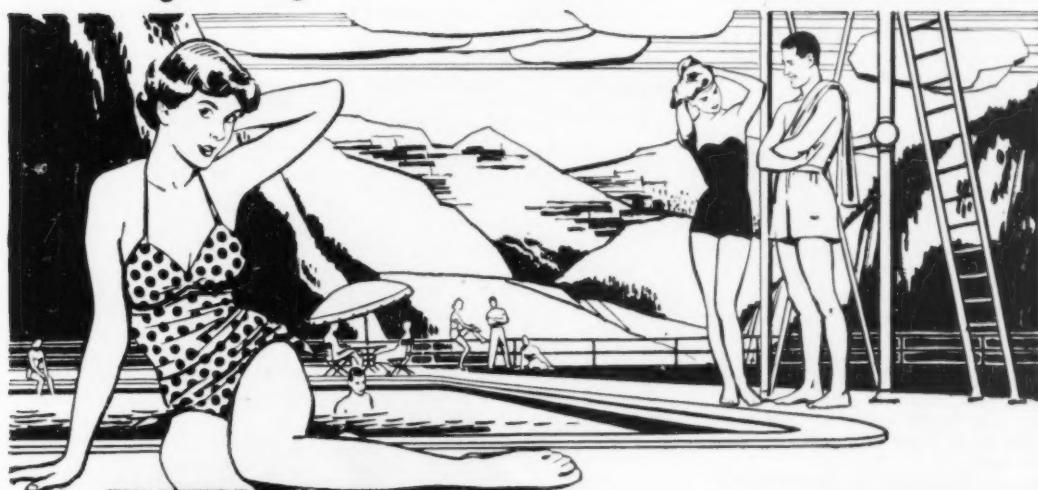
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How to Sunbathe Safely

Continued from page 17

the short rays pierced the thin outer layer of your skin and broke down the tiny blood vessels just below its surface, causing painfully tight skin and the condition known as sunburn. Meanwhile, it was thought, the longer rays were reaching deep down into the skin and digging up a brown pigment known as melanin, which acted as a shield against burns.

Although many learned biophysicists still adhere to this theory others now state that it isn't how much melanin a person has or hasn't that determines whether he'll burn or tan or freckle, but rather how thick his skin is. "Thin skin burns, thick skin tans," they say. They argue that the average tan comes only at the end of several preliminary burnings and is the result of a certain substance which is released by damaged sunburn cells and almost instantaneously forms a kind of pigment which is not melanin, but is much like it. At the same time the longer rays are acting in such a way as to multiply the cells of the skin. Thus its thin outer layer becomes thick and horny and is able to screen out all future short rays. Blondes and redheads therefore do not tan easily because they have thin skins.

But what concerns us erstwhile victims is: How do we go about getting a tan in the safest and most comfortable way possible?

It seems to depend on two things: our individual skin and the amount of ultraviolet we let at it.

Doctors say that when we expose our bodies to the sun there is first a period of time when our skin benefits from ultraviolet rays, followed by a second period of time when nothing much happens (no benefits, no injuries), followed finally, if we prolong our sun bath unwisely long, by a third period of time when not only our skin but also our whole system is undergoing severe strain and shock.

What these time-periods are depends on your own individual type of skin. As a starter, however, some doctors believe that the effects of July sunlight at noon on the average untanned skin are:

- | | |
|------------|--|
| 10 minutes | — skin turns pink |
| 30 minutes | — skin turns red (maximum safe exposure) |
| 1 hour | — painful burn |
| 2 hours | — blistering burn |

If you are blond or redhead, with a fair skin that you know from experience burns easily, you should cut down these average tolerances by half, at least. On the other hand, if you have an olive complexion you can probably take a few minutes' extra sun without hurting your skin. If you are on the water, near bright snow, or in a high altitude these time limits should also be cut down.

You can be guided by the following rules and your own judgment:

Be sure you're in good physical condition and can take the sun. Some people can't. For instance, elderly people should expose themselves to the sun with caution, as should those suffering from heart disease, high blood pressure, overactive thyroids or active tuberculosis—the sun puts a strain on internal organs like the heart, and many cases of tuberculosis have become worse after prolonged sun-bathing. Pregnant women and those in the midst of menstrual cycles should beware of too much sun for fear of kidney injury.

Cover yourself with a sunburn preventative, such as cocoa butter, tannic acid solution, sesame oil, cottonseed oil or red petrolatum. There are

many good commercial preparations on the market, most of them designed to screen out the short ultraviolet rays while allowing the gentler rays to penetrate. If you want to be out in the sun without tanning or sunburning have your druggist make you up a thick cold cream containing fourteen to twenty percent zinc oxide, titanium oxide, or calamine. This heavy cream is also helpful to people with skin troubles which are made worse by sunlight.

Time your sun bath: Keep in mind your own particular kind of skin and its peculiarities. If you are of average complexion you can expose as much as possible of your body for a maximum of fifteen or twenty minutes the first day, and extend this time by ten minutes every day until you've acquired a good covering tan. The complete job should take about ten days. Remember that your face, legs, shoulders and the skin on the front of your elbows are more likely to burn than the other parts of your body. Babies under two, and delicate children of any age, are particularly sensitive to sunlight and should be watched carefully—allow them sun baths not exceeding five minutes at first and increasing by about five minutes every day for sixteen days.

If you notice that your skin swells and itches right after sun-bathing, and it looks as if you've got yourself a bad case of hives, or if a prolonged condition of secretion and scaling starts up next day, you'll know you're a heliophobe—a person who can't tolerate the sun. Find something else to do on your summer week ends.

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Here's what to do if you get a burn: For a serious burn accompanied by

chills and fever call the doctor, who will probably administer antishock treatment and take precautionary measures to see that infection doesn't set in.

For minor burns, bathe with cold milk or calamine lotion, cold cream or vaseline, or a dilution of two tablespoons of vinegar in a quart of cool water. Or apply dressings of menthol salicylate or benzocaine on sterile gauze.

If after long exposure to a blazing sun you should ever discover that your face is flushed, your temperature high, your stomach sick, your nervous system upset and your breathing rapid and difficult, lie down immediately, have someone cool you off with icepacks and alcohol rubs, and call the doctor immediately. It's possible that you've suffered a sunstroke, rare in this Canadian climate but still possible. And sunstrokes can be fatal in extreme cases.

Finally, don't become panicky at the thought of possible skin cancer and start spending your summers sitting in the shade. It's true that certain people (especially blue-eyed light-skinned blondes) in certain occupations (sailing, soldiering, gardening, farming) do sometimes develop skin cancer after years of living and working under a hot sun. People in such outdoor occupations should cover their heads, shade their faces and glove their hands whenever feasible (most skin cancers are on the face). They should realize that the usual type of skin cancer is not especially malignant—it can be treated easily with radium and X-ray, or electro-surgery, or surgical excision, and if it's discovered early and treated immediately there's a ninety-five percent chance of curing it.

As for the rest of us we can take comfort from the Canadian Cancer Society's belief that the amount of ultraviolet rays the average Canadian gets during his summers is not likely to cause him any serious trouble, now or ever. The most we can expect is a pair of flaming shoulders, a back that feels as if we accidentally backed into the furnace, and the giggles and guffaws of our thicker-skinned fellow workers. Which is punishment enough. ★

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Home—

The Last Sweatshop

Continued from page 21

and ideas. Detailed time-and-motion studies have been made of every chore. For example, it's possible to cut the widely disliked dishwashing job almost in half.

Why isn't this knowledge more widely used? For one thing, professional women are schooled in time-saving methods, but the general public isn't. (A survey by Michigan State College found the most efficient homemakers were former teachers, nurses and librarians.) Another is that social pressures and fashions sometimes lead families into laborious ways of living, like the compulsion to use both curtains and drapes on windows, the adherence to soil-collecting carving, dark finishes and pile upholstery on furniture, or the new fashion for pastel rugs.

Here's how much time the average family spends on homemaking jobs in a week, according to the U. S. survey quoted earlier:

Care of family: 15½ hours
Preparing meals: 16 hours
Clearing away meals: 10½ hours
Cleaning and care of house: 16½ hours
Laundering and ironing: 8 hours
Mending and sewing: 4½ hours
Purchasing and management: 6 hours
Other homemaking: 5 hours

Some of these jobs are more hated and tiring than others and ought to be solved first. In a survey of Oregon housewives by the Agricultural Experiment Station of that state the women overwhelmingly voted cleaning and straightening the house as the most disliked job, and it was second only to laundry as most fatiguing. Laundry was next most disliked with dishwashing third, more because it's boring than tiring. Few women queried seemed to mind cooking, sewing or mending, and none admitted to any dislike for caring for their children.

If you had plenty of money and could order a home designed for easy housekeeping it would probably have fewer rooms and more "living spaces" in the Frank Lloyd Wright style. That is, instead of a house of compartments, the living spaces would flow into each other and only bed and bathrooms would be boxed off. You'd breeze through vacuuming in minutes. You'd have few walls to wash, and those and the doors would be flush—no dust-catching trim.

Too, your floors might be linoleum, rubber or asphalt tile, a laborsaver many women still resist except for kitchens. You'd have storage walls for equipment as well as clothing. Your chesterfield and chairs would be covered in glazed chintz or other stain-resistant material zippered for easy removal.

Your kitchen would be U-shaped, which most home economists agree saves most steps, or at least L-shaped. You'd have definite work centres: laundry, sewing and three others in the kitchen. The food-preparation centre would be planned around the refrigerator and be close to door and sink. It would have its own work counter, three to five feet long, at a height convenient to the person using it, not merely "standard." It would have cabinets and shelves for measuring, mixing and baking equipment. The clean-up centre would be arranged around the sink with counters on both sides. The cooking-serving centre would be near the family's most-used eating table, or the dining-room entrance if the family has most of its meals there.

Most people haven't the money to

build that house. The average woman has to look after the home she gets, not the one she wants. But even with existing equipment, many worksavers can be adopted by any family, like the principle of lining up equipment in order of use: first an area for food preparation, then sink and serving centres. And more efficient equipment can be selected as utensils and tools are replaced. Efficient techniques and worksaving tools can help any woman avoid the grisly need of making herself a full-time housekeeper or her husband a part-time maid.

Here are some of the most easily achieved ideas for lightening three of the most wearing and hated chores: cleaning the house; clearing away meals and washing dishes; washing and ironing.

1. Housecleaning Can Be Easier

One inexpensive general technique any home can filch from industry is to put its mobile equipment on wheels. Some vacuums now come with their own wheeled carts. For the miscellany of small cleaning tools and materials a small shopping cart can be bought for a few dollars at a hardware store. Brushes and cleansers can all go in the cart for wheeling from room to room. Between cleanings the cart hangs in the closet without removing the supplies. Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, the famous efficiency engineer who raised a huge family of her own (they were "cheaper by the dozen") even put the ironing board on wheels in a worksaving home she recently designed. And why wrestle with ash cans when they can be strapped on the small two-wheeled dolly that porters use for luggage?

Another backsaver is to put heavy furniture and beds on ball-bearing casters so they can be easily moved for cleaning and bedmaking.

One remarkable recent study found that a "work station" technique can halve work time and cut out one thousand feet of walking in cleaning an average home. Cleaning tools are assembled in one spot. Then everything in the area, except the rug, is cleaned before moving on to the next station.

Bedmaking is often more work than necessary. A bed made up with secure hospital-style diagonal corners needs

only to have its top covers smoothed each day.

Less bending would eliminate much housework and fatigue. Many women bend almost double at the daily job of cleaning the bathtub when they could use a long-handled brush. For sweeping, there's the industrial long-handled pushbroom and dustpan mentioned before; for waxing floors a long-handled applicator and self-polishing wax. For mopping, it's important to consider not only the length of the handle but the weight of the mop; the new sponge mops aren't nearly as heavy when wet as the familiar yarn ones. A dustless dust mop such as janitors use can be made by spraying the top half of the strands with a little kerosene.

2. An Efficient Kitchen Saves Time

A well-arranged kitchen can save ten to fifteen percent of average food preparation time. But not all modern equipment is necessarily efficient, even though it's admittedly attractive. A cooking range with oven below requires more bending than those with oven above. (Some of the newest houses have the oven built right into the wall at a height that eliminates bending.) You can put down enclosed cabinets as a modern fetish; grandma's open shelves and unashamed pot hooks on the walls were a worksaver. A kitchen built by the Chicago Heart Association last year to demonstrate work simplification had a food-preparation centre on the left at the entrance, consisting of refrigerator and work table with open shelves above it, no cabinets below, and on the back wall, the range and open shelves for utensils.

Nor is it necessarily smart to exploit every inch of cupboard space down to the floor and up to the ceiling, as in many modern small kitchens, unless for storing seldom-used objects. One household engineer found that a reach of as little as ten inches from one level to another exacted considerably more energy. The most energy is used in reaching to the floor. This expert commented, "Women generally don't realize how much they lift when they take a small pan from the bottom shelf of a cupboard. The energy cost of lifting the pan isn't much, but that of lifting a large proportion of the body is considerable."



The modern deeper and shorter sinks with wide front rims represent another questionable trend. Many women must stand in a strained position to reach the bottom of such sinks. The sink ought to be high enough so that the woman—or even the man—who uses it can stand erect.

But what is done at the sink is equally important. One study found it took about two thousand motions and thirty-eight minutes to wash dishes by hand three times a day, but only one thousand motions and twenty-two minutes to wash in a dishwashing machine or by hand once a day if the dishes are rinsed in hot water, air-dried and stored in a drainer. That means scraping and stacking in the sink after each meal and then washing at the end of the day.

"But I don't want to let dishes stand unwashed for the sake of saving sixteen minutes a day," more than one housewife retorts. But these sixteen minutes add up to ninety-six hours a year—a good two weeks' work.

The usual practice of transferring food from refrigerator container to cooking pan and then to serving dish is another timewaster that also wastes food. Triple-duty utensils make it possible to store, cook and serve food in the same pan. They need to be rectangular, of metal, and without protruding handles. If they lack covers, aluminum foil can be pressed over the top for both storing and cooking. There are now dishes specially designed so they can be stacked in the refrigerator, but of course crockery or glassware can't be used on top of the stove except perhaps over an asbestos pad. Incidentally, the hard-working housewife who polishes her pots until they gleam does herself no favor. Pots heat faster and cook more efficiently if the bottoms are dull. Pans with rounded corners and seamless construction make for easier cleaning.

Many fine engineering minds have sought easier ways to throw out the garbage. The electric disposal unit that fits in the sink is one product of this cogitation. Another is the idea of having a small door in the outside wall of the house, leading from the kitchen to a garbage cabinet. One inexpensive solution for which its recent inventor merits a medal is the scrap trap. This is a moisture-proof disposable paper bag whose mouth is held open by a metal clamp which attaches to the sink or nearby wall.

3. Easier Ways To Do The Wash

Much of the eight hours a week of washing and ironing can be knocked on the head by more intelligent organization. In a model U-shaped laundry centre the work moves from right to left. It has a sorting table on the right; against the back wall the washer and tubs with an open cupboard over the tubs for supplies, and a clothesbasket on wheels, and on the left, clotheslines and starching table. If all this can't be achieved, a sorting table within reach of the tubs is a great help.

One of the most easily achievable work-savings in the average home is in ironing. Many fatiguing hours can be saved by preventing stubborn wrinkles at the start, by folding articles smoothly as they're fed into the wringer and by care in hanging. Garments hung on the line straight will need little or no ironing. Instead of pinning straight articles like handkerchiefs and pillow slips by the corners, as most women do, the trick is to hang them over the line with edges even. Too, it's easier to press shirts and dresses if they are dried on wooden hangers.

But much ironing can be eliminated altogether by thoughtful selection of clothing and by throwing off some

inherited fetishes. More and more women stop ironing towels as they realize it breaks loops, and an ironed towel doesn't dry as well anyway. Some rebels have even quit ironing sheets. They smooth and hang them double over the clothes-line with the hem together, which leaves them quite wrinkle-free.

One of the best new tricks for saving laundering is to spray children's clothes with water-repellents now on the market for home use. That way spilled milk rolls off the kids' jeans instead of soaking in. Water-repellents also help clothing resist soil and even increase wearing-resistance. They can also be used to make tablecloths and aprons keep clean longer.

Some of the ironing equipment in Canadian homes should be dismissed for its back-breaking design. Most women use five, six or even last-generation seven-pound irons under the impression that weight helps in pressing. It doesn't. Heat presses. A three-pound iron of one thousand watts presses faster than a six-pound one of seven hundred watts. Even the endless nuisance of upending the iron every other minute can be canceled by slipping the iron onto an asbestos pad attached to the table. A wide board to attach to the regular ironing board is a rudimentary anti-torture device. There's nothing as pathetic as a woman struggling to iron sheets on a board made purposely narrow and tapered for clothes.

It's now possible to buy boards especially designed to eliminate fatigue. They adjust so a woman can iron comfortably standing or sitting. The most comfortable type has the legs off centre so the operator can sit under it, and rests on wide bars on the floor so it can't shake. A mesh metal top helps too because it lets steam escape and thus dries clothes faster.

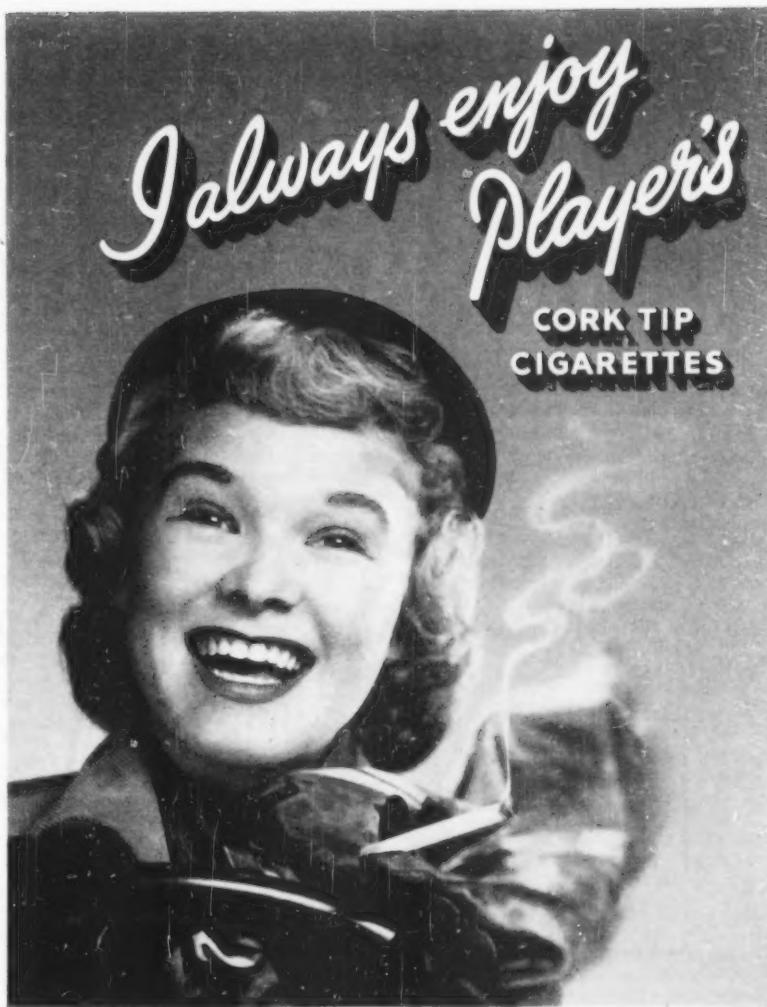
Most efficiency experts are convinced it pays to make a weekly schedule of housework rather than simply decide each morning what happens. For one thing, planning meals for a week reduces the number of shoppings. It's a fact that the average housewife visits the grocery four times a week, the drugstore three times, the ten-cent store twice and a department or apparel store once, and she carries most of her purchases—about eighteen hundred pounds a year.

A weekly work calendar also helps to level fatiguing peaks of housework. Perhaps that's how grandma managed without our conveniences; she was well organized. She gave one day to washing, one to baking, a third to cleaning, and so on.

A calendar also helps in assigning jobs. Even when you trim the amount of housework, a fair sharing of it is considered by sociologists "a pillar of enduring family life." Tell the kids that when they object to doing the dishes. (Maybe the old man can get out in the back yard with his niblick after all.)

Too, a tough job is best tackled when the person tackling it is feeling best. Efficiency is highest early in the morning and descends until noon. After lunch and a rest there's a second peak of efficiency. And the Department of National Health and Welfare found during the war that output of women workers shot up when they got a ten-minute rest in the middle of each four-hour shift and at least a thirty-minute lunch "hour."

There are a thousand ways to cut housework, all quite simple and logical. Until more wives will give them more intelligent thought—or their husbands do the thinking for them—the Age of Leisure will remain the Age of Dishpan Hands. ★



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AROUND THE HOME

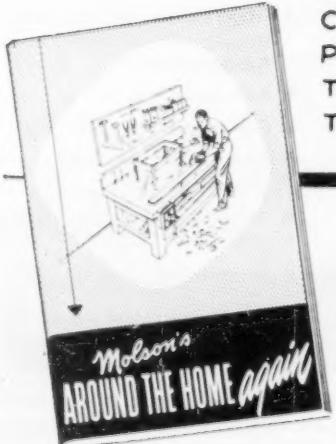


LAWN ROLLER *from discarded hot water tank...*

HOLES CAPPED FOR FILLING WITH WATER. HANDLE - BENT WATER PIPE, FASTENED WITH ELBOW COUPLINGS... OR 2X2, WITH TWO PIECES FROM DISCARDED WAGON OR CAR SPRINGS, FASTENED WITH BOLTS.

GUEST BOOK

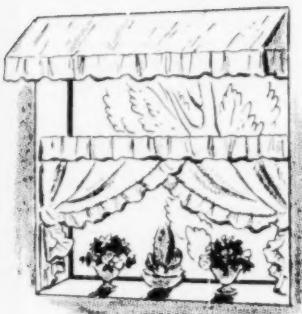
LOOSE-LEAF.
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PLYWOOD, $\frac{1}{2}$ " LARGER
THAN PAGES. HOLES TO
TAKE LEATHER SHOELACE.



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AROUND THE HOME again

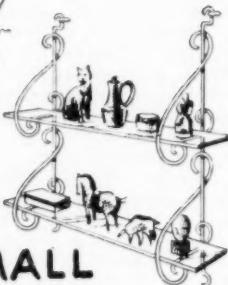
NEW BOOKLET

You'll find more information on these and many other interesting ideas in the booklet "Around the Home Again", just published. Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 490, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.

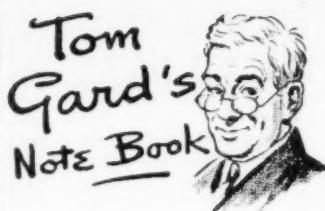
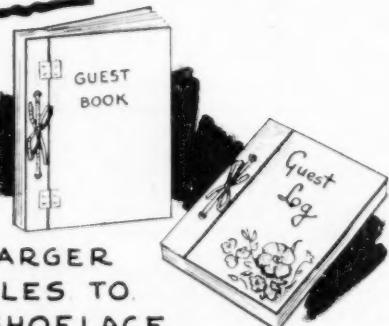


Canopy *adds gay touch to kitchen*

TOP AND ENDS: $\frac{1}{4}$ "
PLYWOOD, COVERED
WITH CHINTZ OR
WALLPAPER.



SMALL SHELF *FROM COAT HANGERS - ALL JOINTS SOLDERED OR WELDED.*



My lawn roller never seems to be home. Possibly I should make another one — just to lend to people! Fooling aside, this borrowing tools and then forgetting to bring them back can be most annoying—and I'm not guiltless. I was all set to roll the area just spaded for late vegetables when I discovered it was missing. The predicament was finally settled by borrowing Herb's sleek "store" job. It gave me the idea of looking for a short, fat hot water tank and fixing up a handle attachment from inch water pipe. Its weight can be regulated by the amount of water used in the tank—quite an improvement on my present one filled with heavy concrete. Possibly that will be my first job when holidays are over.

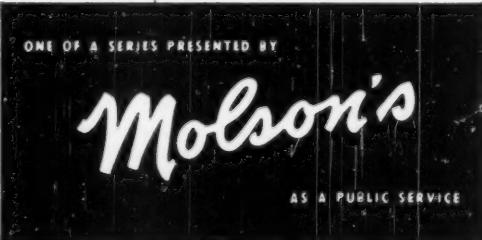
Chintz Canopy

Here is a simple way to perk up your kitchen window, noticed while in the St. Thomas area. A light canopy was constructed from building board and fastened on the inside to the edge of the window frame. Bright chintz was sewn in the form of an awning to fit the frame and thumb tacked in place, with the tacks out of sight. It was most attractive. After repeated attempts to describe its construction to my usually bright "better half", I finally took the hint and built one. Now she will have to get busy and cover it.

While she is sewing the canopy, maybe I can talk her into covering the guest book I made out of a cigar box last spring. It's quite attractive in its natural finish but it will be even better covered with some of the drapery material that was left over.

Knick-Knack Shelf

If you want a small shelf for light keepsakes try your hand at making one from coat hangers. It will take a bit of patience to form the wire into the desired pattern but it can be done.



They're Betting Newfoundland's Bankroll

Continued from page 23

new factories.

"Where will we begin?" asked the Premier.

"Well," said Valdmanis, "you can't build without cement. We should have a cement plant."

"Where?"

"I'll have a look."

Newfoundland's west coast has limestone, clay and gypsum—the ingredients of Portland cement. Valdmanis, an athletic man of medium height who plays sizzling tennis, covered two hundred miles of the west coast on foot. The site finally selected was Humbermouth, where the raw materials are close to one another and there are facilities for shipping by rail or water.

Engineers estimated that the Humbermouth plant, which has an annual capacity of one hundred thousand tons of cement and thirty-five thousand tons of agricultural limestone, would cost six million dollars. By planning carefully and bargaining shrewdly Valdmanis constructed it for three and a half million dollars. The crown company formed to manage it was named by Smallwood the North Star Cement Company as a compliment to Valdmanis, who wears on his lapel the Swedish Star of the North—awarded for public or learned service.

An American steel corporation, looking for executive talent, had been watching Valdmanis' handling of the cement project. Impressed by his work, the corporation is reported to have offered him a job at fifty thousand dollars a year. Smallwood immediately raised Valdmanis' salary to twenty-five thousand a year, making him probably the highest-paid provincial civil servant in Canada. In Newfoundland where salaries are low and the premier's income, including his sessional indemnity, is less than ten thousand dollars, there was a noisy outcry about the money Valdmanis was to receive.

"Valdmanis," Smallwood answered critics in a speech, "is worth his weight in gold to Newfoundland."

The gypsum quarried for cement production was exceptional in quality. Drilling indicated that the supply was almost unlimited. Gypsum is the raw material for plaster, so Smallwood and Valdmanis launched another industry at Humbermouth—a plant with an annual capacity of forty-five thousand tons of plaster board and ten thousand tons of bulk plaster. The cost, two and a half million dollars, was shouldered by the Newfoundland treasury, and a second crown company was incorporated, the Atlantic Gypsum Company.

Next, Smallwood and Valdmanis put two million dollars into a birch mill at Donovan's, seven miles from St. John's. Behind this move lay the fact that Newfoundland alone had escaped the blight which has destroyed most of the birch in eastern Canada since 1935. Today the birch, formerly used for firewood, is being processed into flooring, veneer, plywood and such "furniture stock" as tabletops, with a fiftyfold increase in its value to the people. The mill has been leased on a profit-sharing basis to Chester Dawe, a wealthy St. John's lumber dealer.

A furniture factory will be established beside it, as will a million-dollar plant which will grind up wood waste, mix it with resin and convert it into "pressed board" used in furniture-making. These units will be owned and operated by Europeans but will be partly financed by bank loans guaranteed by Newfoundland.

Smallwood and Valdmanis, greeted

with apathy and even derision when they tried to attract Canadian and U.S. manufacturers to Newfoundland, flew across the Atlantic in the fall of 1950 and encountered a similar lack of interest in Britain. But in Germany there were manufacturers who were anxious to pack up and get as far away as they could from the shadow of the Iron Curtain.

Eighty correspondents attended a press conference Smallwood held at Bonn and his statement that Newfoundland would welcome Germans was featured by newspapers and radio stations. Executives of German firms, with machines, skills, experience and markets, told Smallwood they wanted to move to Newfoundland. But they were without Canadian dollars. Smallwood and Valdmanis worked out an arrangement by which Newfoundland would provide the dollars.

If a concern wants to locate in Newfoundland, and an investigation shows that this is feasible, it can obtain

guaranteed loans totaling almost six hundred thousand dollars to Newfoundland Tanneries, Canadian Leather Goods and Atlantic Optical Co. (another German enterprise) all planning to build factories. Officially the government has spent eight and a half million dollars on plants itself and guaranteed another six millions in loans.

Set down in a province like Ontario or Quebec this assortment would be a drop in the bucket, but in Newfoundland, with its small population and chronic poverty, it is helping to transform the economy. Half of Newfoundland's twenty-eight thousand fishermen have averaged only five hundred dollars a year in income for the last four years. Smallwood predicts that by the end of 1953 ten thousand of them will have factory jobs at good wages, while the boats and equipment of the remaining eighteen thousand will have been so improved that they'll be able to earn a decent living.

Like much that the diminutive premier does, his method of finding the right man to modernize Newfoundland's ailing fishing industry was unorthodox. He announced that he was searching for the most competent authority on fishing in the world and was willing to pay "any salary." The Canadian Press put this news on its wires and Smallwood soon afterward hired Clive Planta for fifteen thousand dollars a year. Planta, a westerner, was formerly secretary-manager of the Fisheries Council of Canada.

By now almost everybody in Newfoundland knows who Valdmanis is. A pleasant-looking man of forty-three, he works as hard as the cod fishermen. He reaches his office sharp at nine every morning, including Sundays, and seldom quits before nine at night. His secretary, Giga Leikucs, is a beautiful Latvian girl who speaks four languages and who guards her boss against all but the most important callers. His assistant is A. Graudins, another Latvian, who has been crippled since youth. Valdmanis hired him away from a New York bank. Valdmanis has the right to hire and fire his own employees.

Everybody calls Valdmanis "Doctor." A non-smoker, who takes only an occasional drink, he is an accomplished pianist. He is living temporarily at the Newfoundland Hotel. His wife and four children—a girl, sixteen, two boys, twelve (one adopted), and a boy, nine—are in Montreal because the adopted boy has a spinal condition which requires special treatment. When the child was an infant his parents were rounded up by the Russians and loaded on a train for a prison camp. His mother wrapped the baby in paper and tossed him off the train into a snowbank with a note attached asking whoever found him to look after him. The people who picked him up brought him to Valdmanis and he and his wife adopted him.

In Newfoundland's general election late last autumn, economic development was the major issue and Valdmanis was the centre of a storm, both because of his twenty-five thousand dollars a year and because of the influx of Germans. It was charged that he was a Nazi sympathizer who was "flooding Newfoundland with Nazis." Smallwood countered by having a book about Valdmanis translated from the Latvian, which told of his struggle to keep his countrymen from being conscripted by Germans. A report by U.S. Army intelligence officers, stating, "It is apparent that he (Valdmanis) possesses the traits and convictions of a person believing in democratic ideals, and that he is an extremely self-sacrificing individual," was also quoted by Smallwood.

In the midst of the controversy there

HELP
YOUR
POST OFFICE
HELP YOU



THE little blonde and her brunette friend were catching up on things, at lunch time. "Mom," said the little blonde, reaching for her compact, "is madder'n a wet hen. Uncle Albert, in England, sent back a letter of hers unopened."

"What's eating him?" inquired the brunette.

"Double postage due," replied the little blonde. "Y' see, you have to put 15¢ in stamps for each quarter ounce on Overseas Air Mail. Mom's letter was almost half an ounce, so the Post Office in England was after Uncle Al to pay up—and he wasn't having any. He wrote and told Mom to get smart and have her Overseas Air Mail weighed by the Post Office here."

"Well, I don't blame him," agreed the brunette. "Double postage due is a pain in the neck anytime, but on Overseas Mail it's just plain murder."

Would YOU like it?

Air Mail in Canada, to the United States and to Hawaii is weighed in ounces—7¢ for the first ounce and 5¢ for each additional ounce—BUT Overseas Air Mail is always weighed in QUARTER ounces. Even a very experienced postal clerk would never guess at the weight of Overseas Air Mail. There is a specially-calibrated scale in every post office to weigh it accurately.

The rate of Overseas Air Mail to Europe and the United Kingdom is 15¢ for every quarter ounce; to Latin America, 10¢ for every quarter ounce; to Africa, Asia, Orient, Australia and New Zealand, 25¢ for every quarter ounce. So, every quarter ounce you don't pay for in Canada automatically becomes HALF an ounce (double postage due) that the receiver of your letter must pay to get it.

Would you like to pay that double postage due, yourself? Be honest, now! After the first time, being a good sport would pall, wouldn't it?

Business Firms Please Note

Short postage on Overseas Mail from Canadian firms makes them look inefficient to say the least. Better see that YOUR mailing clerk has a proper scale to weigh such mail—or else make a rule that it must be accurately weighed by your Post Office. This way you help your Post Office help you maintain your prestige!

NEW CANADIANS—the best and cheapest way to write home is to use CANADA AIR LETTERS. Only 10¢ or 15¢ depending on country of destination. This includes cost of paper and postage. Ask about them at your Post Office. There's lots of room to write what you want to say, and they get there just as fast as ordinary Air Mail. Otherwise, be sure to have your Post Office weigh your Overseas Air Mail. Help your Post Office help you to stay on good terms with your friends and relatives overseas.

CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté,
Q.C., M.P.
Postmaster
General

W. J. Turnbull,
Deputy Postmaster
General



was an odd incident. A German who had been negotiating with Valdmanis about transferring his plant to Newfoundland wasn't satisfied with the terms he was offered. According to Smallwood, the opposition, sensing a chance to embarrass the government, had this man flown from Germany—and later wished it hadn't. Instead of confirming the accusation that Valdmanis had Nazi sympathies, the man asserted publicly that Valdmanis was "notoriously anti-German" and that it was impossible for Germans to do business with him.

There are only a few dozen Germans on the island at present—key plant personnel—but there will be two or three hundred when the plants all get into operation. The amount of German capital coming into Newfoundland should equal the amount of the loans advanced to the newcomers by the government. Smallwood is already thinking of an annual German festival to improve relations between Germans and natives.

"We can turn their knowledge to good account," Smallwood says. Newfoundland has been so preoccupied with

fishing that it is woefully short of industrial experience. Even semiskilled labor has to be trained from scratch. When the birch mill started the workers didn't know one machine from another. They could build boats and sail them, catch fish and cure them, but everything in a mill of this kind was new and strange. It took weeks of instruction to bring enough men for one eight-hour shift to a fair degree of efficiency, and when I was in Newfoundland men for two other eight-hour shifts were still learning the ropes.

Smallwood's office is cluttered with

exhibits of what his new factories can make and looks like a sample room. He showed me a pile of leather dyed different colors—red, green, yellow, blue.

"Tear it," he said, handing me a strip off the pile. I couldn't.

"What kind of an animal is that off?" he asked. After some bad guesses I gave up.

"It's off a catfish," he announced proudly. "Our fishermen land hundreds of thousands of them—and that's what you can do with their skins. Wonderful leather for women's shoe uppers, for pocketbooks, for many purposes. The Germans have tanned catfish skins ever since World War I." So now William Dorn, who represents the seventh generation of a family of German tanners, has introduced his craft in Newfoundland, thereby creating industrial jobs for a number of Newfoundlanders.

Meanwhile, the economic development program is entering a new phase. A unique organization, the Newfoundland-Labrador Corporation, has been formed to exploit water power, minerals and timber. Its concessions embrace twenty-one thousand square miles in Newfoundland and thirteen thousand square miles in Labrador—a total area larger than that of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined.

The president is Valdmanis, and ninety percent of the shares are held by the government, but the majority of directors are American and Canadian financiers and businessmen. The chairman is Canadian-born Sir William Stephenson, of New York, who is reputed to be a multimillionaire.

The scheme is that they'll raise the heavy money needed for harnessing rivers and opening vast deposits of minerals. Copper, asbestos, titanium, iron, zinc, sulphur pyrites, fluorspar—these and other sources of wealth lie within the Newfoundland - Labrador Corporation concession. So does Grand Falls, twice as high as Niagara, and other cataracts capable of generating millions of horsepower of electricity. One section alone contains forty million cords of wood.

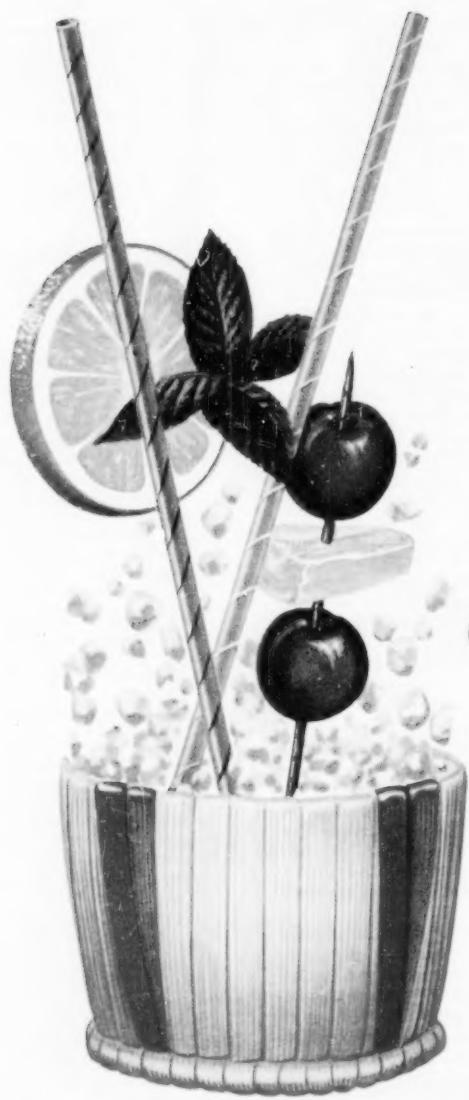
As this is written there are negotiations which may result in the sale of the three government-owned plants—cement, plaster and birch. Smallwood, no socialist, dislikes government ownership and wants to get back the money he and Valdmanis risked so it can be spent on roads and schools.

When Smallwood first talked about industrializing Newfoundland, business men told him it couldn't be done. Smallwood's answer was to tell about the time he was refused permission by the management of Bowater's pulp-and-paper mill to address the company's employees. Barred from the mill property, which took in the countryside for miles around, Smallwood launched a molasses puncheon, jumped into it, and spoke eloquently to Bowater's hired help as he bobbed along Bowater's shoreline.

His method of revamping Newfoundland's economy, just as unorthodox, may be just as successful. There was a chance that the puncheon would overturn and plunge him into cold water. There's a chance that his development program will flop and dump him into hot water. Smallwood knows this but is sure that with luck, good management and Valdmanis, he'll come out on top.

Meanwhile, even his worst political enemies admit that Newfoundland is booming as never before in history, and in generous moments they grant, grudgingly, that a bit of the prosperity and confidence and optimism may be due to the efforts of Smallwood and Valdmanis. ★

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he's bringing you a
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Captain Morgan RUM

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GOLD LABEL
Rich and
full-bodied

Bluenose in Toronto

Continued from page 11

horse. She has blue paint on her eyes and she flutters them all the time and is always looking at the end of her nose. How is things, I ast her, not wanting to come right out with what was on my mind.

So she tells me: Things is simply divine, she says. I have never had such a wonderful time. They is so many wonderful things to see in Toronto and so much to do. I been to the museum with a young guy from the university. Boy, you should see them fossils. I seen the pops concert a couple of weeks ago. It was wonderful. This guy MacMillan, he has got Don Warner's band beat hollow. Plays real refined.

I been out in two Cadillacs, four Chryslers and five Fords since I been here. Better than the old streetcars.

And, say, is that place the Old Mill ever wonderful, she says. I and another girl from work went there last night with a couple of young fellows off Bay Street and they bought us champagne. It's like ginger ale only it costs more.

I couldn't get a word in edgewards but I didn't try too hard. They wasn't much doubts about how Florie was enjoying herself. She got to talking about culture like she could spell it.

Finally, I says I have to be running along as I and the prime minister have got a dinner date. She says am I going to see you again and I says not unless you wear blinkers. Maybe you don't think all this hurt. I had bought another ring.

I figgered to myself that some of the snootiness I heard tell about rubbed off on Florie. To hear her they wasn't no place in the world like Toronto. You would of thought she was born there and unless she had to she wouldn't mention where she really come from.

I met her a couple of days later and she said she was real tired from being out late. Boy she said is this pace rugged. Life is a gay, mad merry-go-round. I know that the simple life at home is best, she says, but I couldn't never go back to it. It would be so dull. Real deadly.

Florie had got herself a boy friend from Victoria, British Columbia, which is the most British city in the British Empire. Unless you have got three cousins in Birk's Pearage you ain't got a chance there. She tells me this like I didn't have no feelings.

A couple of weeks before I would of gone and bust his face in, but I didn't care much then.

THE five-dollar bill my old man give me was nearly gone and I had to find a job. It seemed they was a few other guys had the same idea. Finally, I was broke. I was walking along Yonge Street when I seen a sign says Loans—No Security. I had the latter half already so I went in. There was an old guy looks up from his desk and says yes young man. I told him I wanted a loan. He says how much. I says fifty cents will do. He says boy you look hungry. I said I don't know much about that mister but my stomach thinks my throat is cut, which I always say when I am hungry but want to be funny about it.

He puts on his hat, a big black job, and says to come with him. To make the story short, he give me a dinner and believe me they didn't have to wash the plate after.

This was Mister Arbuckle who runs the Loans—No Security business and he is one of the outstanding members of the Board of Trade, being a native born Torontonian (that is a name for people who live in Toronto). There's only about three others and they's all named Massey.

Anyways, he give me a job sweeping out the office and it was enough to keep the old body and soul from splitting up.

If they is anything I have learned in the loans business it is this: the people of Upper Canada ain't really got any more money than they have down in N. S. or Nfld. They is just using the calendar instead of the bank book to buy stuff. I met a guy who drives a yellow convertible, has a big house out in the suburbs and a TV set and he ain't got enough real money to get weighed. I hear tell of another guy who has bought so much stuff on the installment plan they is talk of calling his house a public building.

Down in N. S. if you want a \$32 vase why you say have we got that much money in the bank? In Upper Canada they say well, \$32 is less than \$2 a month and how many things can you get nowadays for \$2. They can't afford not to buy it. They have even got ways of making down payments on your down payments. If Ontario ever goes broke it will be at the first of the month.

After I bust up with Florie and got a job I started saving my money to go back to N. S. I had fifty-two dollars down in the Bank of Nova Scotia when Mr. Arbuckle called me into his office. This here, he says, pointing to a girl in a chair, is my daughter Pamela. I

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was just telling her that you are from the Maritime Provinces and she wanted to look at you.

Well, I am a very ordinary looking guy and if she was expecting horns or something she was real disappointed. This Pamela was no Lily Sincere herself. She was kind of skinny and had real short hair. But she smiled nice and didn't shake hands like she was afraid of losing it.

Mr. Arbuckle says that Pamela was going to a party on Saturday night and would I mind driving her in his car as all the other girls have chauffeurs and she ain't. Well, I drove her to the party and the next Monday morning Mr. Arbuckle called me in and give me a new job, interviewing people which come for loans.

I decided not to go back to N. S. right away and started to learn something about the loans business. It give me more money and time to look around Toronto. Pamela showed me around the university and do you know where the president comes from? Port Hood, N.S. You wouldn't never think anyone from a fishing village with a name like Smith could ever get into college let alone run it.

I read a lot about other Big Men in the newspapers and most of them come from elsewhere . . . small towns out in the Prairie Provinces, or down in the Maritimes or even Ontario.

I been in Toronto now two years and if you put all the people I know who was born here together you wouldn't

have enough for an outfield. The snootiest fellow I met has been living here for five years. He come from Plato, Sask., which not many people can claim. He thinks Toronto people are deadly dull snobs. I ast him one day to name the ones he meant and do you know where his "Torontonians" come from? Medicine Hat, Orillia, Montreal, and New Glasgow is where.

THE loans business is pretty good but you have got to know people. Like last week a guy come into our office and wanted to borrow the loan of five hundred dollars. He seemed real desperate. His name was Harrison Palmer-Smith, which is a pretty fancy name for a hotel clerk. He says he needs the money because he has got to get married. He makes fifty-five a week which don't exactly put you among the elite in this town. I ast him if he had any other financial obligation. He started to name them and he might just as well of read off the business directory. I says how come you have got so many debits when you ain't nearly in Mr. Rockefeller's class. He says it is his fiancée. She don't want nothing but the best of everything. And she wants everything.

The best I should of give him was a shov'e out the door but I let him have one hundred dollars. Mr. Arbuckle probably would of been sore at me but it seemed like the poor guy was getting into enough trouble. You have got to pity a guy like that, as long as he keeps up his payments.

Yesterday I and a friend bumped into Florie on King Street. Arthur, I says, this here is Miss Florie McNeil from Whycocomagh.

Pleased to meet you, says Arthur. O but you are out of date, says Florie. I have got a new name now. Palmer-Smith. Mrs. Harrison Palmer-Smith in full. We got married two days ago but we ain't taking our honeymoon until the winter. We're going to Florida. Angie, she says to me, I hope you will not take this too hard. Personally, I was pinching myself to keep from bursting out laughing.

Harrison is simply a wonderful man, she says. You would love him I'm sure, and it ain't really important but he has simply oodles of money. He is in hotels.

Well, Florie, I says, you have got my blessing and no hard feelings. Tell Mr. Palmer-Smith he is a lucky man.

O I'm pretty lucky too I guess, Florie replies. No doubts, I says. I guess we're all lucky.

I WAS talking with Pamela today about the loans business on account of Mister Arbuckle is away for his health and she says it would be OK if we write off the hundred I give Florie's rich husband as a bad debit. Sort of a wedding present.

I told her the whole story about me and Florie that I told you. She listened and didn't say a thing. Then afterwards she says: Do you like it here now, Red Angus? I says yes, pretty good.

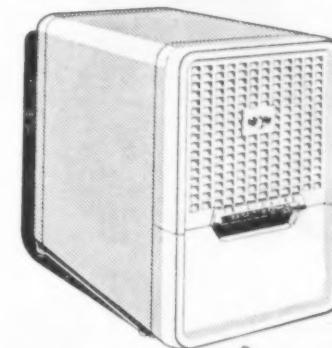
She asts me when do I plan to settle down and I says why when I find a girl. Then she come over and stood right close in front of me looking up at me. Right sudden I felt my face getting to match my hair.

I'm a girl, she says.

Well now, what do you know about that, I says. Here I thought you was just being nice. Pamela got real sore and she stomped her heel right on my foot.

You know what? I think she likes me. I guess girls just can't resist us Maritime boys. They's a chance I'll be getting a loan one of these days myself. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

run as an independent if he didn't get it. He had made such threats before and had always been talked out of executing them but this time he was adamant. Result: the total Liberal vote was considerably larger than the Progressive Conservative but it was divided into two chunks.

Progressive Conservatives point out that they had troubles too. Paul Spence, the MP-elect for Roberval, is an amiable fellow but not the strongest candidate they could have had—he was a second choice, and not a very close second either. In Brome-Missisquoi, the seat which the Liberals held in Quebec, the PC candidate was much weaker. With the sweet taste of victory in their mouths Conservatives are now hoping to be able to recruit much stronger men the next time.

They are much more elated by their four 1952 victories than by the clean sweep they made of five ridings in 1951. Last year they were inclined to concede, privately, that they probably owed more to Liberal apathy than to Conservative strength. Last year they were still convinced that George Drew was a liability and not an asset—they deliberately kept him out of their campaigns, especially in the west.

This year George Drew played a leading part in all six campaigns and his followers are delighted to give him full credit for their triumph. This year PCs think they can sense a new feeling among the electors—more than mere irritation, more than the nonpartisan notion that the Government is too strong and the Opposition too weak. This year, they say, the voters have really turned against the Grits.

* * *

Gallup Poll figures indicate this Conservative optimism is premature. Their last tabulation, in April, gave the Liberals 48 percent of the popular vote, the PCs 32 percent, CCF 13 percent and others 7 percent. These proportions are only two percent different from the actual results of the election in June 1949, when the Liberals got fifty percent of the vote and the PCs thirty percent. It is true, as one Liberal pessimist pointed out, that the latest Gallup Poll was taken before Doug Abbott's budget came down, but the budget wasn't as much of a surprise as all that.

The odd thing is, though, that a good many Liberals agree with the Conservatives—or say they do. Disquiet within the Government's own ranks has been growing rapidly of late and the by-election results seemed to confirm as well as augment it.

Indeed, the present state of Liberal morale reminds some observers of Sept. 1943, when Liberal popularity reached its lowest point in the past twenty years. Then, too, some by-elections had been lost and the remnants of the Mitch Hepburn regime had been swept



into oblivion by the Progressive Conservatives and the CCF in Ontario; the Gallup Poll showed the Liberals with 28 percent of the popular vote, PCs also 28 percent, CCF then 29 percent, Bloc Populaire (the antiwar party in Quebec) 9 percent and others 6 percent.

A strong cabinet faction led by the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner argued that the public was tired of wartime controls. They did not come right out and advocate a slackening of the Canadian war effort, but their suggestions would have had that effect—fire Donald Gordon, the then price controller, relax price and wage controls, give the farmer more money, let up on austerity generally. Panicky backbenchers agreed with them.

Now, as in 1943, the discontent is focusing on marginal matters. No one is openly opposing Canadian foreign policy or the Canadian defense program. No one is challenging the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or Canada's part therein. But a general malaise is spreading among Liberals; it started with the present session when the Prime Minister forewarned parliament and the taxpayer that no substantial tax cuts could be expected this year.

* * *

itself, in defending the policy to which everybody in all parties is still paying lip service.

Of course no minister is outnumbered who has the prime minister on his side, and Prime Minister St. Laurent has been steadfast. Nevertheless, the convinced internationalists in the government service are worried.

They believe that now, as in 1943, the majority of Canadians will support a strong courageous policy. In spite of the grousing and groaning about high taxes and in spite of the furious resentment of actual waste and extravagance when it is exposed, they think Canadians are prepared to carry their full share of the burden which the threat of Soviet aggression has imposed on the free world.

* * *

Canada could, of course, go back to the prewar foreign policy of Mackenzie King—"no commitments." Canada could abdicate all claim to the formulation of Western policy and take again the kind of free ride we enjoyed between the wars, when the Canadian defense budget was negligible. Canada could argue, quite correctly, that the Red Army will not be defeated by one Canadian division, nor victorious because of the lack of it.

Pearson and Claxton believe, though, that Canada's example means something. Canada is one of the two countries in the whole free world whose general prosperity has been increased, not diminished, by the war and its aftermath. The other is the United States, which has paid a much higher toll in blood as well as in money than Canada has paid in Korea. If it is true that some countries are wearying and flagging a little under the strain of rearmament, all the more reason why Canada should keep on her course and fulfill her commitment.

The internationalists believe that Canada's performance in the immediate future has a genuine, even a critical, importance in the maintenance of Western solidarity and morale. They believe any slackening now would be a major victory for the Kremlin. Furthermore, they believe that most Canadians would support this view.

Their problem is to get the point across, and so far they feel they have failed. That's why they are worried. They think the next few months may produce a crisis, not in Liberal fortunes, but in the fundamentals of present Liberal policy. ★

I Belong to Oswaldtwistle

Continued from page 15

reflected in Gobbin appreciation of Stanley Holloway's well-known monologue about Little Albert who was eaten by a lion at Blackpool zoo. The couplet which always gets the biggest Oswaldtwistle roar is one describing the dismal outlook from Blackpool's promenade:

There was no wrecks and nobody drowned;
In fact, nothing to laugh at at all.

Bereavements in Oswaldtwistle are always followed by a ceremonial high tea at which the traditional dish is boiled ham. Gobbins love to tell the story of the man who, with almost his last breath, sniffed the air and feebly summoned his wife: "E-e-eeeh luv, I could just do with a bit of 'am." She replied tartly: "Don't be daft. That's for thy funeral!"

Yet in Oswaldtwistle lies something of the strength of Britain. It was here around 1764 that James Hargreaves invented the Jenny, an automatic spindle which made Britain the greatest textile nation on earth. Hand spinners, fearing unemployment, stormed over the moors from adjacent Blackburn and smashed the prototype. Then they started to tear Oswaldtwistle down, stone by stone. There are some who wish they had completed the job.

Sir Robert Peel, the great Conservative prime minister who bequeathed to Britain the modern "bobby," always listed his birthplace as "near Blackburn, Lancashire." But he couldn't fool Queen Victoria. She found out he was born in Oswaldtwistle and immediately dubbed him "not quite a gentleman."

Basil Gage Catterns, retired deputy governor of the Bank of England, the man whose signature once appeared on all British treasury notes, was also born in Oswaldtwistle. But the editors of Who's Who keep it secret.

One man unashamed of Oswaldtwistle is William Cocker, who, perhaps in a subconscious mood of atonement for the town's reputation, there developed a world-famous antiseptic called Dettol. Another was my kinsman the late Walter Greenhalgh who was the first comedian to put his patter on phonograph records.

Hargreaves, Peel, Catterns, Cocker and Greenhalgh make a lens through which all the scattered rays of Oswaldtwistle philosophy inflict such burns on more orthodox society. They symbolize the five Cs of the Gobbins' cult — Cotton, Conservatism, Cash, Cleanliness and Comedy.

The major industry is weaving and seventy percent of the mill workers are women. Oswaldtwistle is so careful with its money that it is said everybody owns his own house and the one next door. Although the average wage is only eighteen dollars a week the town is overwhelmingly Tory, with ten Conservative councilors to two Liberal and one Labour. The female battle against dirt is so stubborn that one Oswaldtwistle woman was caught polishing the tram lines.

If Oswaldtwistle humor can be defined at all it is self-deprecatory. The very term Gobbin has a zany import. They will tell you in Oswaldtwistle that it was a Gobbin who leaned out of a bedroom window to saw four inches off the top of his wife's clothes' prop. It was a Gobbin who pushed a piano four miles on a handcart to the home of a tuner. It was a Gobbin employed on the roads who drove home for his dinner on the municipal steamroller.

The Gobbins are proud of their polyglot ancestry. They were first

welcomed by the woad-daubed dwarf women of ancient Britain to soldiers from the mercenary legions of Rome. They were later crossed with those bovine slaves of tillage, the Saxons, and then with horned barbarian giants who called themselves Vikings.

For a thousand years this spawn of conquest multiplied within itself in the brooding glens of Oswaldtwistle. Then the natural humidity which made spinning easier geared Oswaldtwistle to the Industrial Revolution. Scots, Irish, Welsh and southern English flocked to the dark mills. They brought

different accents, different customs, different traditions and a new noise called laughter.

In less than a generation their accents, traditions and customs withered before the scorn of the lugubrious Gobbin. But the laughter, after rigorous Gobbin conditioning, was retained.

The average Gobbin lives on fish and chips, meat-and-potato pies, oxblood puddings, cowheels, pigs' trotters, sheep's heads, brawn, tripe and onions, cockles and mussels, treacle dumplings, bread and jam, rock buns, sad cake, tea, beer and stout.

This diet has had a spectacular effect on the men. Close observers have noted they run to two distinct types. There are the beefy ones with big red faces and bulging mirthful eyes who give the impression of a volcano about to erupt. Then there are the skinny dyspeptic little men with wizened gnomelike faces and droll rakish eyes, who spring from one big brother to another and touch off his quaking pent-up state with the latest Rabelaisian story.

The female Gobbins run to proportions known as strapping. Although

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they work in the hot oily heat of the mills their complexions are exquisite. This fresh pleasing effect, however, is offset by trumpet voices developed through shouting jokes at one another above the roar of the looms.

The Oswaldtwistle cotton operatives, through years of working in a deafening din, are expert lip readers. Some time ago a southern salesman went into the weaving shed with the manager and, over twenty yards of chattering looms, spotted a buxom wench. He muttered a remark to the manager. A second later he ducked just in time to avoid a large bobbin of cotton playfully hurled by the girl.

The male Gobbin on weekdays wears a flat peak cap, thick fustian suit, muffler and clogs. At home he takes off his jacket and sits in his waistcoat and shirt sleeves. Invariably there bubbles over his gizzard the head of a tiny brass stud which closes the neck-band of his collarless shirt. When visiting he never uncovers his head until he's been asked to take his jacket off. Sometimes he will also remove his clogs and place them delicately on the piano.

On Sundays he wears a dark blue suit, stiff collar and tie, billycock (bowler hat) and brown boots. After church in summer he plays lawn bowls. If it's warm he'll take off his jacket. But he never removes his billycock.

The female Gobbin used to wear for work a cotton blouse, woolen skirt, shawl and clogs. Now only the elder women wear the shawl and the girls wear cloth coats. On Sundays they dress with average small-town taste.

Until 1939 the typical Oswaldtwistle house was a two-up-and-two-down wedged between hundreds of identical homes either side of it. The living room always contained a horsehair sofa, a rocking chair, a beaded buffet, and a fretwork-fronted piano, arranged round an iron fireplace with an oven to one side. Every day this range was polished with black lead. On the mantelpiece there was an ornate velvet cover which hung down in a bobbled fringe. Weighting this in place were two china dogs, a tea caddy and a savines bank in the shape of a letterbox.

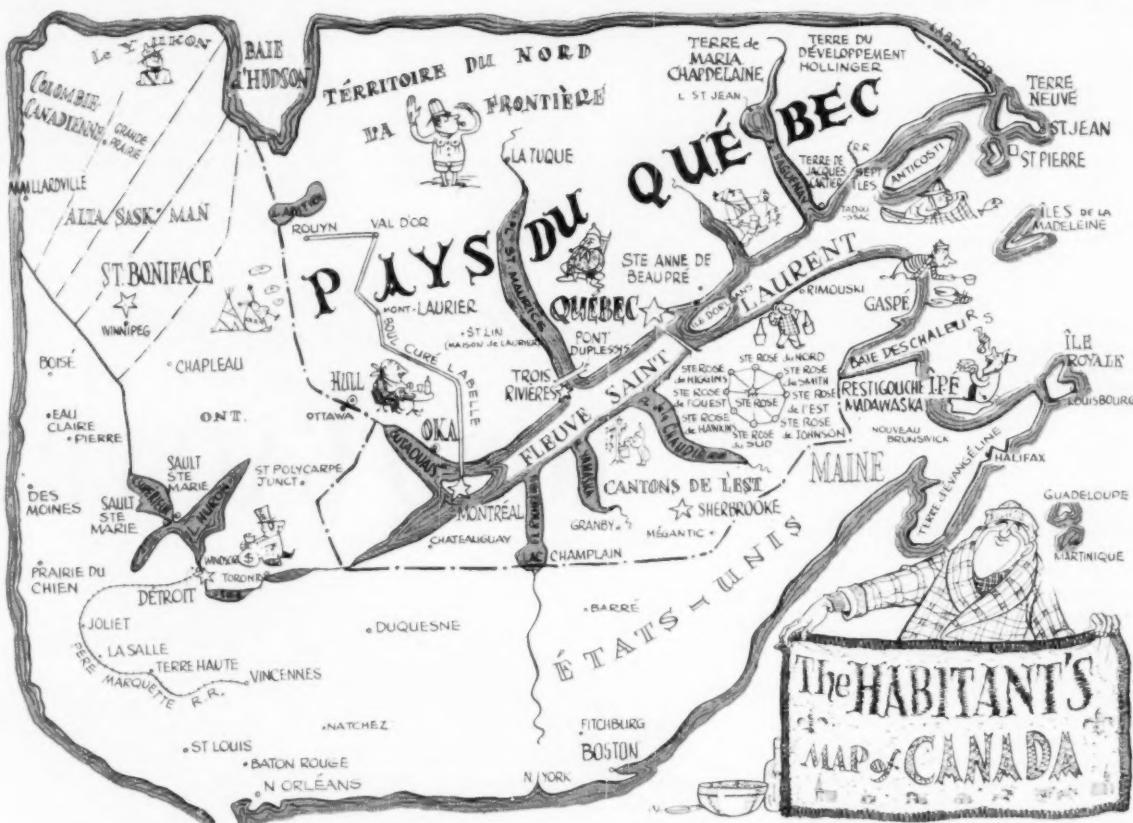
The table legs were usually covered with knitted stockings and there has been endless debate as to whether this was to prevent them getting scratched by clogs or was some sign of deep modesty in the manifestly earthy Oswaldtwistle women. The feet of the table were sometimes fashioned to represent the hooves of a prehistoric beast. They were kept from contact with the floor by colored glass caster cups.

A hooked rug made out of old clothes covered a floor of granite slabs four inches thick and three feet square. Similar slabs paved the sidewalks at the front and the tiny rectangular back yard. These exterior pavings were scrubbed every day then rubbed with a soft stone which left them shining white. There was no complaint when passers-by left footprints on them. The cleaning stones were called donkey stones and were procured from hawkers who came round with a donkey cart and bartered them for rags, bottles and bones.

There were no bathrooms. Once a week each member of the family bathed in a big zinc tub in front of the fire. When not in use this tub was hung in the back yard on an outside wall. On account of this they were distressingly expendable. They presented such a tempting air-gun target to neighbors' sons that sooner or later they were riddled with holes.

Postwar prosperity has brought some changes. Now one house in three has a bathroom built out over the back

CANADA as they see it—No. 4 by rearrangement with LEN NORRIS



yard, fitted carpets over the cold stone floors in the living room, and modern furniture. Nearly half the people in Oswaldtwistle have television. But they still donkeystone the sidewalks and blacklead the fireplace. Working housewives get up at five a.m. to do it before leaving for the mill.

The Gobbins have a matriarchal society. Money is handled by the senior woman in the house. Women with children living at home stay away from the mill until the children get married. During this fortunate phase of life they sit and wait every Friday night on the front doorstep for the wage earners. As the family troops in from the mill the pay packets drop into mother's spread pinafore. When the family leaves home, mother often goes back to work in the mill. Operatives of sixty are common.

Oswaldtwistle is often described as the place "where the wind blows hardest and the money goes farthest." Saving is as great a virtue as cleanliness. Oswaldtwistle has always been embattled against the ogres of poverty and dirt. But, unlike their neighbors in Yorkshire, the Gobbins are not mean. Last winter when a fog was so thick a bus driver could not see the cap on his radiator a Gobbin passenger got out and volunteered to walk in front and guide the driver with a flashlight. He walked three miles to nearby Accrington with the bus grinding in bottom gear behind him. Before he left the bus driver to look after himself he gave the conductor his fare.

Gobbins strike a hard but just bargain. "Fair do's" is one of their mottos. Another is "Do unto others as you would be done by." The third is "Charity begins at home." Any testator who leaves money to a social-welfare organization when he knows he will be survived by relatives is looked upon as a crackpot.

There is one family in Oswaldtwistle

today whose rich uncle left all his money to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Funds for this orphanage are raised otherwise by sales of book matches, which are exposed in containers on pub and restaurant counters with a slotted box underneath for purchasers' offerings. This particular family, however, always takes a book of matches without contributing. No eyebrows are raised. Their uncle left so much money to the orphanage that Gobbins consider the family entitled to Barnardo matches free for the rest of their days.

Tag days are rarely successful in Oswaldtwistle. There used to be a parson there who, every time he was approached by a seller, passed with an imperious cry of "Servant of the Lord."

The spirit of self-help runs strong in Oswaldtwistle. Families who become destitute are rescued by relatives from the shame of seeking public relief. But so long as a family has enough for essentials it gets no outside help. Thus you have families living in Oswaldtwistle cottages today whose cousins are mill-owning millionaires. More than one weaver toils at the looms while his brother, who has succeeded financially, holidays on the Riviera.

Good fortune is looked upon sardonically in Oswaldtwistle. Gobbins attribute financial success to luck. "Why," they say of a local tycoon, "if yon chap fell in t'canal he'd come out dry." There are mill workers in Oswaldtwistle today whose fathers ran Rolls Royces. Gobbins can quote many examples of men who've made a killing in cotton shares, left Oswaldtwistle, found themselves ill at ease in elegant society, squandered their money in an attempt to make a good impression, and returned with empty pockets to slog out the rest of their lives in the mill.

The heart of Conservative Britain beats here—at its centre. While the rest of the country went socialist after

the war the Gobbins retained their stubborn Toryism. In the Oswald-twistle Conservative Club bank managers, doctors, lawyers, chemists and mill owners play snooker, dominoes and half-penny brag, a modified game of poker, with weavers, mechanics and plumbers. The Liberal Club across the road expired during the war. There never has been a Labour club, although ninety-nine percent of the population belongs to the so-called laboring classes.

Billy Entwistle, who owns one of the biggest mills in Oswaldtwistle, is one Christian name terms in the Conservative Club with Billy Vinton who works in a warehouse. One of Oswaldtwistle's Conservative women goes out cleaning in the mornings to help her husband maintain their one luxury—a little car.

When free wigs, false teeth and spectacles were offered under the socialist health scheme Oswaldtwistle rushed to secure supplies. One Gobbin said: "We're paying for them in taxes." Another took a more subtle view. He said: "I've got my third pair of glasses in twelve months. This'll bring the socialists to their knees!"

But politics are seldom discussed in the Conservative Club. They are taken for granted. Anybody who is not a Conservative must of necessity be a fool and there's where the matter rests. Yet they are not licksplitties of the party hierarchy. One man who'd seen Churchill's latest arrival in New York on television said: "He looked boiled to me!"

Gobbins are far from abstemious. They accept a condition they describe as "merry." The second stage "boiled" they are dubious about. And they are openly contemptuous of anybody who gets "blotto."

They have thirty-eight pubs to choose from in Oswaldtwistle, one for every three hundred and seventy people, including the aged and infants. From the outside these granite hosteries look

austere and forbidding. Inside they are cosy and bright. One room is always called the Snug. This is used by the "steadies."

On weekdays the steadies of such places as the Tinker and Budget, Stop and Rest, Shoulder of Mutton, Golden Cross, Black Dog, White Bull, Plane Tree, Horse Shoe and the Flacon, sup three to four imperial pints. They suck foul pipes in which they smoke thick twist chewing tobacco rolled out and softened in the hand. Occasionally they spit into one of the polished iron cuspids.

Some of them play dominoes. But generally speaking they just sit and say "Aye" or "E-e-eh." They never play darts, which they consider a jessie (sissy) game. After all, many of the older men can remember when puncing was a favorite sport. In this, two naked male contestants kicked at each other's shins until one cried "Enough."

Come Saturday and Sunday the pubs start to jump. The steadies are driven grumbling from their favorite corners by a horde of mill girls and their husbands or boy friends. One man gets free beer for playing the piano. Then Oswaldtwistle rings with song. They sing everything from Ilkley Moor Baht'at to the latest pop number. Last January they were bawling Shrimp Boat.

At such times the steadies sit in the landlord's private parlor saying "E-e-eh" or "Aye" and spitting in the fire. The pubs are supposed to close at ten-thirty. But the police are good sports and let most of them have an extra hour or so.

Once a year Oswaldtwistle throws thrif to the winds. At Wakes Week, the annual holiday, the whole town closes down and heads for Blackpool, a razzle-dazzle resort on the Irish Sea. When it's wet they sing in Blackpool's gaudy pubs. When it's fine they paddle in the cold sea with their trouser legs rolled up.

There is a five-hundred-foot model of the Eiffel Tower in Blackpool from the top of which a seven-mile long promenade, which boasts not a single tree or blade of grass, may be seen crawling with Gobblins and other Lancashire folk who are out to "have a good time if it kills us." At the Winter Gardens is the biggest ballroom in the world. It takes the average couple two numbers and an encore to get once round. On the beach there are donkeys. The girl Gobblins ride astride, showing their legs and screaming, while their boy friends urge the beasts on with exultant shouts. Everybody lives in a boarding house which is full of notices hung in a desperate attempt to maintain order.

UNMARRIED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WILL KINDLY GO UPSTAIRS SEPARATELY.

CHILDREN WILL NOT THROW SAND IN THE PIANO.

NO MUSIC AFTER MIDNIGHT.

EMPTY BOTTLES MUST BE REMOVED TO THE KITCHEN.

The children are given buckets and spades for making sand pies. It is a common sight to see a small boy being rushed to either the doctor or the fire station with a bucket stuck on his head.

Gobblins return to Oswaldtwistle flat broke. But they take a taxi from the station. They pay the taxi with half-a-crown thoughtfully left under the tea caddy on the mantelpiece before departure.

Gobblins are so conservative they can't abide alarm clocks. So they employ men known as "knockers-up." Seventy-two-year-old Hiram Taylor is one of these.

Every morning he rises at four-thirty

and knocks on bedroom windows until seven o'clock. People he calls between five and six pay him two shillings (twenty-eight cents) weekly and those he arouses between six and seven pay him one shilling. Hiram has about twenty customers situated over a scattered area. But his timing is right on the button. Many people set their clocks by him. He never ceases knocking at the bedroom window until the irate client flings it up and shouts "Tak thee hook," which means "Begone, fellow!" In the days following Wakes Week Hiram is often sorely tested. But he sticks to his duty.

Most knockers-up carry a long pole tipped with a wire brush and with this beat a discreet tintinabulation on the glass. But Hiram uses an ordinary walking stick. It hasn't even got a horse's head handle. He finds that by stretching he can reach any bedroom with this. "I'm nod daft," he says. "T'others have to carry poles, but my walking stick helps to carry me, doesta see?"

The Call of the Clogs

Hiram's easiest client is his next-door neighbor. In this case Hiram just bangs on the wall of his bedroom. His most difficult clients are three single men who share one bed and get up at different times. By varying the pattern of his knocking on the window he can wake up one without disturbing the other two.

When his customers are backward in paying their bill Hiram takes off his clogs and tiptoes past their house.

Hiram spent fifteen years in New York State working as a teamster, but returned to Oswaldtwistle in the end. Oswaldtwistle is full of men who have spent half their lives teaching the Indians, Japanese, Russians and Americans to spin and weave. It never occurred to them they were cutting their own throats. Gobblins may seem unpolished to outsiders, but they have clothed half the world.

Jack Siddall, now retired, returned to Oswaldtwistle after fifteen years of life in the colonial clubs of Java, Shanghai, Singapore and Bangkok. "I was younger then," he says, "and the world was interesting. But now give me Oswaldtwistle. Those who have anything to say against Oswaldtwistle are only passers through. Let 'em pass."

The patter of the clogs and the timbre of the laughter seem to call Gobblins home from every corner of the globe. A famous Oswaldtwistle saying is "clogs to clogs in three generations." Lancashire clogs are similar in shape to Dutch clogs but they have stiff leather uppers and the wooden soles are shod with irons rather like elongated horseshoes. At one time there used to be fancy clogs which had ornamental brass work on the toes. But

these have died out. The main reason for clogs is wet weather and stone floors.

The repair of clogs provides a living for forty-eight-year-old Harry Dearden who sits in his little shop re-ironing as many as thirty pairs a day.

Toward the end of the Thirties clogs began to fade out of style. But now they've come back with a rush. "Even the ladies at the top of the town wear them for washing day," says Harry. "This is because shoes are getting so expensive." Harry is a member of the Amalgamated Society of Master Cloggers. He supplements his earnings by running a little lending library. As in the case of movies, Oswaldtwistle reading tastes run to westerns and romances.

Mill owners in Oswaldtwistle used to be notorious for their sweated labor. Many women still toiling first went to work at the age of ten. They lay under the looms all day cleaning up the fluff from the oil-soaked floors. But times have changed. A forty-hour week, increased rates of pay, new systems of ventilation, crèches for babies and canteen lunches now make cotton weaving a tolerable life. They still scorn the tea cup and always keep their own pint pot or drinking mug in the canteen.

Recently it was noticed that a male weaver who'd transferred from one mill to another was never present in the canteen at midday.

"Doesta go home for thy dinner?" he was asked.

"No," he said, "I goes back for me dinner to t'canteen at mill I worked at afore."

"That's a waste o' time an't it?"

"Aye," he said, "but that's where I keep me pint pot."

He was a true Gobbin. So was the late Milton McKenzie, who was so fascinated by fires he bought a house next door to the fire hall, had a bell in his bedroom connected with the alarm, and turned out every time the brigade answered a call. On three separate occasions, when fires were infrequent, ennui drove him to emigrate to Canada. But he always returned.

Another true Gobbin was the late Adelaide Porter, a great ventriloquist, who loved to go to elegant tea parties and in a moment of comparative silence so throw her voice that it seemed as if the hostess had made a loud and indelicate observation. She could also catch a speaker's eye and hold it so fixedly in a malevolent gaze that slowly he would begin to falter. Adelaide would then cross her eyes so slowly that the speaker, bewitched by her magnetic force, would start squinting too and stand there mute and transfixed like a hypnotized rooster.

Once, at one of her own tea parties, a small boy was called in to deliver a recitation. No sooner had he begun than she shattered the air with a cry of "Don't stand there with your legs crossed, child! Go upstairs and then come back and start again."

The small boy happened to be me and Adelaide was my grandmother.

Early this year I visited the family vault in Oswaldtwistle, where three generations of McKenzies and Porters lie entombed. As I paid my respects an elderly woman who knew me said: "Don't worry, luv, there's plenty of room for thee."

Canadians who find such remarks distasteful should, on visiting the Old Country, stick to the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, cleave to the misty magnificence of Edinburgh Castle, rise on wings of song at the Welsh Eisteddfod, browse through the priceless libraries of dreaming Oxford, dally on the dappled waters of Lake Windermere, and leave Oswaldtwistle to the Gobblins—and to me. ★



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The Doomed Lakes Lash Out

Continued from page 13

anything about it. The reason was that even in 1930 the lakes could rise without causing a fraction of the loss they are causing today. Since 1930 industrial and urban expansion on lake shores has been extensive and the damage that high lake levels can cause is therefore much greater than ever before. There is nothing unusual in the high water of 1952; only the hue and cry of its victims is new.

"We know that the man-made diversions and obstructions have negligible effect," says Norman Marr, director of the water resources division, Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa. "All other causes are natural ones. We can't do anything about them, so no one has studied their various effects in detail."

There is one significant clue to the mystery. The sole supply of water for the Great Lakes is precipitation—the sum of rainfall and snowfall. The Great Lakes are fed by the rainfall and melting snows of a drainage area more than six times as large as all England. When rain falls and snows melt this water starts pouring down the thousands of creeks and rivers toward the lakes. Much of it evaporates. Much is drawn up by plants and trees. Much sinks deep into the soil where it accumulates in the great underground sea which scientists call ground water. It may be trapped in swamps and marshes.

But heavy rains and snow don't automatically bring high lake levels. Dr. G. B. Langford, head of the department of geological sciences, University of Toronto, points out that there are many factors intercepting precipitation before it reaches the lakes, and these factors vary widely from year to year. Measurements of precipitation and of Great Lakes outflow down the St. Lawrence River have revealed that in a normal year about sixty-six percent of the water which falls on the Great Lakes drainage area never reaches the lakes, or evaporates before it has been in the lakes long.

A majority believes that, next to precipitation, evaporation must be the biggest variable affecting levels. Studies indicate that evaporation from the lake surfaces themselves reduces Lake Superior by about one and a half feet per year, Lake Erie by three feet. Evaporation is affected greatly by the amount of sunshine and cloud, by the relative humidity of the atmosphere and by winds. Hot dry air may produce little evaporation if there are no breezes to keep the air stirred up. In seasons when rainfall is high there is an excess of cloudy weather and atmospheric humidity, and evaporation is therefore low. This mathematician's nightmare—the more you add the less you subtract—produces a situation in which a small increase in rainfall appears to have far greater effect on lake levels than the amount of rain itself can account for.

Widespread deforestation and land drainage for agricultural purposes are unknowns that have the experts deadlocked. During the last high-water period of 1929 and 1930 this was assumed to be an important cause. Now some scientists have begun to doubt that it is a factor worth considering.

The old belief, still staunchly held by many, is that forests, swamps and marshes once held vast quantities of water on the land and prevented, or at least slowed down considerably, its run-off to the lakes. Today, with much of the Great Lakes basin in agricultural

land, water may drain off much more rapidly. The reforestation advocates claim that this rapid loss of water from the soil must contribute greatly to higher lake levels.

Members of the new school are beginning to wonder, though, if the run-off is much more rapid than it ever was. Under the old condition of swamps and marshes the land was saturated and rainfall may have drained off as rapidly then as now. At any rate, they add, there was the same amount of rainfall in a year and therefore the same amount of water had to reach the lakes sometime. Today it may produce river floods in spring and contribute slightly to higher springtime peaks in lake levels, but the amount of water reaching the lakes over a year is unchanged.

There is also a long time lag in the flow of water from lake to lake. High water on Lake Superior, caused by a season of high precipitation there, may not be reflected in high water on Lake Ontario until twenty months later.

Someone's Rocking the Lake

Who's right is anyone's guess. But, in spite of all these gremlins muddling up the problem, there is still a rough correlation to be noted between precipitation and lake levels.

In 1926, for example, the lakes were at one of the lowest points in their history. Precipitation statistics show that in the nine years before 1926 there was only one year in which rainfall had been above the average. In 1926, however, rainfall suddenly jumped and was higher than it had been in forty years. Throughout 1927, 1928 and 1929 precipitation remained well above normal—and lake levels kept rising. In 1929 and 1930 levels were only slightly below the high-water records being set today. Then in 1930, and for several years afterward, precipitation was considerably below normal. And by 1936 lake levels had dropped so low that Canadian beach owners began to howl about Chicago stealing their water.

As yet there are no accurate precipitation statistics worked out to cover the Great Lakes as a whole for recent years. However, federal hydrographer R. J. Fraser believes the Great Lakes area has just come through

SEX HEX

The dents in my fender
Are feminine gender.

—Ivan J. Collins

another period of excess rainfall which roughly parallels the recent rise in lake levels which began in 1943.

The second group of lake-level influences—the slow-paced long-term geological phenomena such as crustal tilt and lake bottom siltation—may be only minor factors in our present high-water crisis. But as their effect culminates down the ages it is these factors which will ultimately doom the Great Lakes and produce a cataclysmic face-lifting of North American geography.

A large area north of the Great Lakes is gradually rising and this "humping" action is causing the Great Lakes basin to tilt toward the southwest. All of the lake bottoms, except those of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, are tilting slowly downward from their outlets. The movement is infinitesimal in terms of a human lifetime, but it is having the effect of gradually raising the levels of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. On the south shores of

Ontario and Erie, where the tilt has its greatest lowering effect, it has been measured at about one foot per century. Lake Ontario's recent record-breaking level of two hundred and forty-nine feet above sea level would have been a much safer two hundred and forty-eight feet in 1852.

Apparently this crustal upheaval has been going on steadily since the last great ice sheet receded from North America. Glaciers a mile thick pressed down for thousands of years on the northern half of the continent and the earth's crust is still getting its old shape back again.

Siltation—the slow filling up of lakes with mud eroded from shores and carried in by streams—may also be gradually raising the lake bottoms and thereby lifting water levels. Many sections of the Lake Ontario and Lake Erie cliffs have been eaten back two hundred feet in the hundred and fifty years since the first accurate maps were made. This represents millions of tons of sand and mud, once shoreline cliffs, that now rest on the lake bottoms.

A third long-term geological process that may be increasing lake levels has won little credence from Canadian scientists. Some European scientists have suggested that the earth is still in the process of warming up after the last ice age, that the Arctic and Antarctic ice caps are still melting and that as a result the world's supply of water is increasing. They have claimed that precipitation and lake levels are rising throughout the world and that this is the cause. Ottawa experts contend that, if this was true, ocean levels would have to show it first, and no rise in ocean levels has become evident yet.

The earth is said by geologists to be now passing through an age of lakes. We are still living in the tail end of the last ice age during which great mountains of ice crept down from the Arctic, gouging out great basins in the earth's rock crust. As the glaciers began retreating the basins were filled with their melting water and our present network of lakes was born. As the lakes overflowed they carved out the river channels which drain them into the oceans.

The history of every lake is one of a constantly shallowing body of water being choked by silt, spreading out farther and farther until only a marshland, and eventually only dry land with a river twisting across its centre, remains where the lake once stood.

We cannot see it happening, but geologists can see in innumerable places where it has happened. Every large gravel bed was once the shore of a lake long since dead and buried by newly formed soil. The Canadian prairies were once the bed of a great inland sea. The Niagara escarpment consists of a type of rock which could only have been formed by the gradual filling of a lake or sea. Most of Toronto is built on an ancient lake bed and its notorious traffic bottleneck of Avenue Road hill is the remnant of an old lake cliff.

What the ultimate fate of the Great Lakes will be is something the geologists can only guess at. But the fact that they will change, and change greatly, is a geological certainty. The first great change will come probably in a mere five to ten thousand years. By this time Niagara Falls, eroding its gorge upriver at a rate of about four feet a year, will have reached Lake Erie and this, the shallowest of the lakes, will then drain "suddenly" into Lake Ontario. Lake Erie will become a wide shallow river and its great harbor cities such as Cleveland and Buffalo will probably wind up inland towns. The soil being washed from its shore-



"Ellsworth and I have come to an understanding . . ."

line to the lake bottom today will be tilled once more by farmers living where the ore and grain ships now navigate in twelve fathoms. Lake Ontario will rise, covering Hamilton, much of Toronto's southern half, and its increased outflow will flood most of Montreal.

And this will merely be Act One in the death of the Great Lakes as we now know them.

Act Two may be ushered in many thousands of years later by the crustal tilting of the Great Lakes basin. No one can guess when that tilting might suddenly halt, but if it goes on for thousands of years it will eventually reverse the flow of the St. Lawrence, or at least block its seaward flow. If the St. Lawrence bed drops low enough (six hundred feet at a present rate of one foot per century) the ocean will flow in, the Great Lakes area will become an inland sea, the Mississippi Valley a strait and eastern United States an island.

Even if the tilting stops, geologists say the Great Lakes will someday flow down a greatly enlarged Mississippi instead of out the St. Lawrence. At Chicago there is only a low height of land separating the Great Lakes from the Mississippi watershed. Siltation in Lake Michigan will at some time raise the Lake Michigan level until it rises slowly over this barrier. It will cut a new channel, destroying Chicago in the process and Lakes Michigan and Huron will become part of the Mississippi system. Lake Erie will long since have disappeared. Lake Ontario, with its water supply cut off from the lakes above may dwindle away. Only Lake Superior, firmly imprisoned behind its great rock barrier of the St. Mary's River bed, will remain in anything like its present form.

This is the great slow-paced geologic drama of which we are seeing a microscopic segment in today's high water and erosion. These changes will develop so slowly that the generations of men living through them will hardly see them happening. The skyscrapers of our lakeshore cities will have crumbled

to rubble with centuries to spare before the rising waters menace them. Even the drainage of Lake Erie when Niagara Falls reaches it, a change which the geologists forecast will be "sudden," will spread out over several lifetimes. Yet geologically speaking this will be a sudden change.

In this battle of elements man is a pawn—but not quite a completely helpless one. We can't correct today's high lake levels by draining the water away more rapidly, for even if it were possible from an engineering standpoint it would still only lower levels at one spot by creating higher levels somewhere else downstream. But we can, in a feeble sort of way, erect protective works which will slow down, or even halt for limited sections of shoreline, the gnawing of erosion.

The best method of protecting shorelines is to aid nature in the production of beaches, on which storm waves can use up their energy without harm to the land behind. Jetties or groynes of concrete, rocks or wooden piles jutting out at right angles to the shore will stop lake currents, force them to drop their sand and encourage beach formation. But such protective works require careful scientific planning to fit them to the currents, lake bottom profile and the particular erosion problem of the area of shoreline involved, and they are expensive. Erosion protection for one small Cleveland park cost one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars.

J. D. Wells, of the Department of Natural Resources, Ohio, told a lakeshore erosion conference in Toronto last year: "In most instances the cost of protection amounts to more than the value of the property to be protected."

Canada has done little to investigate its lake erosion menace and the remedies that might be possible. Here and there half-hearted efforts at erosion control have been attempted which in many cases have done more harm than good. Improperly planned, with no study of what was needed, they have created a false security, encouraged lakeshore building, and paved the way

for greater erosion losses when they have failed to do their job.

Where erosion is robbing us of extremely valuable land, such as along the Niagara fruit belt and in highly urbanized areas like Toronto and its suburbs, the cost of protection may be warranted. Elsewhere it may be cheaper to stand back and let the waves wreak their toll. Current government committees investigating lake levels and erosion won't come up with an answer, for they are only interviewing the scientists, and the scientists themselves don't yet know. A detailed scientific study of lake currents, wave action and the effectiveness of various protective structures may eventually be made. But more likely another cycle of low water will return to the lakes first, we will be lulled into forgetfulness, and then when the inevitable swing to higher water returns again sometime in the decades ahead we will once more be unprepared.

Dr. Langford, of the University of Toronto, summed it up: "Whether or not we learn all the answers about lake-level fluctuations and erosion control our present hue and cry about high water should impress one lesson upon us: to recognize and respect the realm of the waves. When water was low for many years people came to regard that low-water mark as the permanent level of the lakes and began occupying lakeshore land that rightly belonged to the waves. Lake levels will periodically rise six feet above their lowest ebb, and storm waves can reach another six feet above that. This twelve feet above low-water mark is the realm of the waves we should never overlook. The waves may abandon it for years at a time, but sooner or later they will reclaim it again."

"Much of our present grief is not due to high water alone. We have encroached on the realm of the waves and now the waves are striking back."

And, while the high-water peaks come and go, each peak carries the Great Lakes a minute step farther along the geological road toward their ultimate extinction. ★

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Richer Than You Think

Continued from page 9

house a family of five in Winnipeg for twenty-one dollars a month in reasonable comfort and respectability. You could feed them well for four hundred and twenty dollars a year on sirloin steak at eighteen cents a pound and the best creamery-print butter at thirty-five cents a pound.

Yet, even making allowances for changes in the purchasing power of the dollar during those thirty-eight

years, Firestone found that the Winnipeg family of five in 1948 was buying more of everything. The family's purchases of goods and services had risen by sixty-five percent.

Basic buying lagged behind the overall average but even here the family bought twenty-five percent more food, thirty-five percent more clothing, with women's purchases rising more sharply than men's. In spite of the inflation in house-building costs rents had risen only slightly.

Motor-car purchases went up by a percentage so high as to be meaningless

— for all practical purposes there were no motor cars in 1910. Now, as noted above, forty-two percent of Canadian families own one.

Household appliances and furnishings in 1948 took three times as much of family spending as in 1910, and general costs of running the house went up one hundred and fifty percent. Three times as much was spent on education, recreation, holidays and similar amenities. But perhaps the most significant point of all, as an index of living standard, is the fact that insurance protection and gifts to

charity both rose by a higher percentage than any other item except motor cars. People in 1948 could afford to be generous and alert to their dependents' interests, as the people of 1910 could not.

Between 1900 and 1950 Canada's population increased about two and a half times, while Canada's production (in real, not dollar, terms) increased more than five times. In other words, real income per capita more than doubled. And there are plenty of other figures to show that this is no mere dead average between a few rich and a great many poor. With few exceptions the increase has been spread right across the board.

In 1900 the average worker in manufacturing earned \$350, just a little over a dollar for each ten-hour working day. In 1950 he earned \$2,300, or forty-five dollars per forty-two-hour week. Roughly speaking, prices have tripled. In real terms, therefore, the 1950 worker got twice the pay for three-quarters of the work.

His employer could afford to pay this difference because the rate of production per man-hour is greater by one hundred and fifty percent than it was in 1900. It's interesting to note that the output per man year has risen somewhat less—it has merely doubled, like the worker's pay. The difference, of course, is what the worker takes out in leisure. He works fewer hours in the year nowadays.

Besides having twice the pay, a man has twice the opportunity for advancement now that he had in 1900. Out of ten people employed in manufacturing in 1900 only one was a salaried man; now two are salaried.

Does all this mean that everyone is now secure, inevitably headed up a constant and even slope to more and more and more? Has Canada become depression-proof?

Of course not. Canada's economy is still as vulnerable as always to world conditions. From 1919 to 1939 export trade accounted for an average twenty-one percent of Canada's gross national product. For the years 1946 to 1951 the average was just under twenty percent. In other words, a collapse of foreign markets would hit us just as hard now as it ever would have done.

We still depend on a handful of major exports: wheat, pulp and paper, metals, lumber. In one way our dependence on the foreigner has got worse, for of recent years we've been channeling our trade more and more to a single and highly unreliable customer, the United States. Before the war we used to sell forty percent of all exports to Britain, thirty-seven percent to the U. S. Now we sell only sixteen percent to Britain and fifty-nine percent to the U. S. The U. S. has shown too often, and is now beginning to intimate once more, that no foreign goods can depend on a market there in time of depression.

If another depression comes along we shall feel it all right. Like other countries we have new techniques and a new resolve to ward off its worst effects, but that doesn't mean we shall escape it.

However, this is beside the point. We have had depressions before. Since 1900 we've had the one big one and no fewer than five little ones. Even the big one did no more than slow us down for a few years. In spite of it we have doubled earnings, output, every index of wealth in the past fifty years.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, away back then, that "the twentieth century belongs to Canada." So far his prediction hasn't been quite borne out, but Canadians may be able to make a prophet of him yet. The century is only half over. ★

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MAILBAG



Postscript to a Fish Story

Was your article, Why Won't Canadians Eat Fish? (May 15) just meant to be a fish story?

In any case, Ian Sclanders' facts do not tally, even in this part of the Maritimes. Here, within a couple of hours' trucking distance of the premier fishing ports, we not only find it difficult to buy fresh fish but, when we can, the prices are quite comparable with those of beef, although it costs nobody anything to feed the fishes. Does this answer Sclanders' query? —E. D. Haliburton, Avonport, N.S.

• This does a great deal to assist the work which our consumer branch has undertaken—that is, increasing the consumption of fish in Canada. I hope your article will do much to correct the lack of culinary discrimination on the part of our fellow countrymen.—R. W. Mayhew, Minister of Fisheries, Ottawa.

• The present prices of fish are out of all reason. Sclanders puts the average earnings of fishermen at about \$1,000 a year. In B.C. the average is well over \$6,000 earned in an average of about five months.

If fishermen want a good local market for fish they can get it by using decency and common sense in the matter of prices.—M. H. Dobie, Vancouver.

Men Are More Equal

Recently a member of my junior church asked me why Jesus wasn't a woman. Now, thanks to Prof. Rowan (The Acid-Minded Professor, May 15), I can answer that \$64 question.

Thanks, too, for settling a personal



problem. I have often wondered why death held no terrors for me. Now I realize it is because we have been promised a certain common denominator in the hereafter (St. Mark 12:25)—redistribution of the oxygen, I presume.

There once was a Prof. named Rowan, Who made all the poor women groan. But when we all die And get "pie in the sky," We, too, will be oxygen blown.

—Mrs. D. Conly, Minnedosa, Man.

• I was taught intellect depended, not on the size of the brain, but on the number and depth of fissures and

sulci, and on the ability of the brain to form synapses.

I accept Dr. Rowan's statement that the male brain is better supplied with oxygen and suggest my own hypothesis (as reasonable as his own) that the male brain requires more fuel for the same amount of work and is obviously the less efficient mechanism.—Mrs. A. P. McKenzie, Capilano, B.C.

More Than Book Lernin'

In Fred Bodsworth's article about Jack Miner (Billy Sunday of the Birds, May 1) he neglected to mention that Jack used to go from place to place showing a movie of his birds. These were silent films and Mr. Miner would stand at the side of the screen with a long wooden pointer and give us school children a running account of the film. This was very interesting and, as Mr. Miner would have probably said, "a little more than book lernin'."—Frank E. McInnis, Grand Bay, N.B.

• Perhaps I'm as biased in favor of Jack Miner as Maclean's appears to be against him. My impression on finishing the article was that dear old Jack had been presented as somewhat of a hoax, a quack, all in the subtle name of science.

I knew old Jack well. I knew him as a kindly great-hearted man who never claimed infallibility. There never was a finer and more inspiring self-made man both for grown men and for boys whose lives were made a little warmer, a little bigger, for having felt his generous warm heart, ever if he did persist in spelling banded as "bandid." With all his shortcomings he was an outstanding Canadian.—Fred K. Jasperson, Kingsville, Ont.

Working for God

Margaret A. Southern (Mailbag, April 1) approves the use of the title Father by the Rev. David S. Duncombe (Why I Work For God, Feb. 1), but deplores his use of the word Mass.

I, an Anglican priest . . . both like and use "Mass" in its collective or inclusive sense.

The word Mass covers the Eucharistic (thanksgiving), the Communion (when the Blessed Sacrament is administered and partaken by the communicants) and the Lord's Supper, which is the keeping in memory of this final act of our Master, with His Apostles, before the tragic events of the first Good Friday.—Rev. J. R. Carpenter, Victoria.

• I am all the way for the Reverend Duncombe. I only wish there were more of his kind. He sure does work for God—that is why he sees the good in all people and does not mind a glass or two of beer. I know some people who drink only tea or milk and they sure can lash out some very nasty gossip. My husband and I do not drink any kind of liquor but we still find very nice people on both sides of the track . . . It is too bad there are always so many evil-minded people.—Mrs. Thomas Hill, St. Charles, Ont.

Not Croesus, But Canada

May I record my vote against the fulsome success stories, with the exception of the ineffectual Mr. Rivard (The Casebook of Antoine Rivard, Dec. 1, 1949—Jan. 1, 1950), and in favor of good Canadian pictures such as the Qu'Appelle story (The Valley That Calls, March 15, 1952).—Walter W. Riley, Winnipeg.

The Spirit of Adventure

I must congratulate Lenny Burton and Johnny Cochrane on their wonderful article, Our Passport was a Dishrag (May 1). It was stimulating, honest, and humorous. It's wonderful to know that, amid all the talk of spoilt teenagers, the clean spirit of adventure does exist.

I have a daughter sixteen who literally "ate" every word of their



adventure and dreams and plans to do the very same when she is through school, and her father and I will not try to stop her.—Mrs. Kathleen Clayton, Swift Current, Sask.

Saved by Good Old Noah

I notice you have a new word "shivaree" on page 68, May 1. I've never seen that spelling in any dictionary; should it not be "charivari?"—R. G. Vogan, London, Ont.

No. See Webster (*New International Second Edition*), page 2317.

The Color of Sir James

As a great-grandson of Sir James Douglas I protest the article (The Mulatto King of B.C., April 15) and challenge the authority of some of the statements in it.

The title calls him a mulatto, which infers that his mother was a colored person. There is nothing wrong with being colored, but I contend there is no proof that this is so in his case. On consulting the archives in Victoria I find there is no proof anywhere that his mother was a "Jamaican" woman, or any information anywhere about his mother or very early life. Dr. Lamb, the Dominion Archivist, who has spent considerable time and effort searching for information both in this country and the British Isles and has indeed journeyed to the West Indies in his quest, says in a letter, "So far as I know there is no proof that Douglas' mother was a native of Jamaica." Later in the same letter, "Personally I doubt if we shall ever know anything definite about James Douglas' mother."

From my information I can state that the only support for the story of his being a mulatto hinges on two unsupported statements. First an entry in John Tod's Diary in which he refers to Douglas as "James Douglas the mulatto from Jamaica." That might mean anything or nothing. Geography was a bit sketchy in those days. The second reference is in a letter written by Letitia Hargrave who says, "Mr. Douglas . . . a mulatto, is chief factor." She was repeating something she had heard or might have thought to be so and this is certainly no proof.

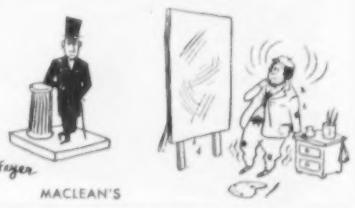
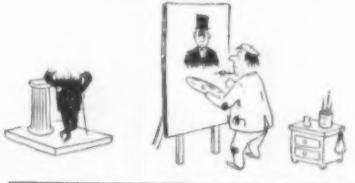
These two casual references are very flimsy bits of evidence on which to

hang a supposedly authentic historical article. Sir George Simpson, who perhaps knew him best, never called him a mulatto. He did refer to him as a Scotch West Indian, but that is something quite different.

In listing her references the author makes much of the fact that Douglas' grandmother in Jamaica left a legacy to his daughters. In the early days of Sir James' birth the colored people in the West Indies were slaves, or at least not property owners or owners of any kind, and the very fact that his grandmother had a legacy to leave should prove that his mother was definitely not a colored person. In another place she quotes someone as saying his mother was a Creole. A Creole is not colored.

The general opinion among many of the old-timers is that the term "Mulatto King" arises from the fact that he once led a punitive expedition up the coast, the members of which were Negroes he had made into a police force. True, he befriended the Negroes who came to the colony, but so did he champion the cause of the Indian who was in the right or any of the settlers, regardless of race or color.—James D. Douglas, Vancouver.

Mary Elizabeth Colman, author of the article, lists ten separate sources which either support or lend credence to the belief that Douglas was of mixed blood. Maclean's thinks this belief is the most logical one in the light of the known facts. However, it is conceded that there is no final, wholly conclusive proof either for or against it. ★





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WHEN a rural group of the Sons of Temperance, in Kings County, N.S., found that the other organizations who borrowed their chairs for meetings sometimes failed to return them they hired a local painter to mark the bottoms of the chairs with the letters SOT.

A former inmate of Dorchester Penitentiary in New Brunswick recently paid the prison a voluntary visit at his own expense—so he could sing in the convict choir at a music festival.

A housewife in a small Nova Scotia town hired the local handyman to paper her kitchen walls, then noticed



he had hung the flower pattern upside down behind the stove. She was furious. "Never mind," he replied soothingly. "If anyone notices, just tell them the heat made the flowers wilt."

When a passenger on the Toronto Islands ferry found he hadn't a match for his cigarette he asked the man beside him for a light. His neighbor, a pipe smoker, dug into his tobacco pocket and triumphantly produced a grimy battered match. The islander accepted with a shudder and the comment, "Pretty darn dirty, isn't it?"

When a radio station in Saint John, N.B., was scheduled to make a nation-wide broadcast of the roar of the reversing falls at the mouth of the Saint John River, announcer and crew were horrified to find the falls at the slack stage. Quick thinking made the broadcast a thundering success. The radio men focused the microphone on the outflow of an enormous waste pipe from a pulp mill near the falls.

After the bus service between Courtenay and Comox, B.C., had ended for the night someone borrowed a bus from the Courtenay depot and drove it to Comox where it was found abandoned. The bus company decided not to investigate because the ghost rider had left his dime in the fare box.

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When she heard that her granddaughter had made an appointment with a specialist in Toronto's Medical Arts Building, a thrifty old woman on a northern Ontario farm wrote: "These fancy doctors charge like all-get-out if you look like you have money. So wear your oldest clothes and don't smile too wide—remember you had two back teeth gold-filled last year."

A farmer in Serath, Sask., waited all spring for the local grain elevators to work through their big holdover of damp grain and make room for his own dry crop. When he finally got word that they were ready for his two hundred bushels of wheat he loaded it on his truck and headed for town. As he crossed the railway embankment it gave way under his wheels and the truck toppled upside down into a wide ditch full of water. Now the farmer is holding the salvaged wheat, waiting for the elevators to begin hauling damp grain again.

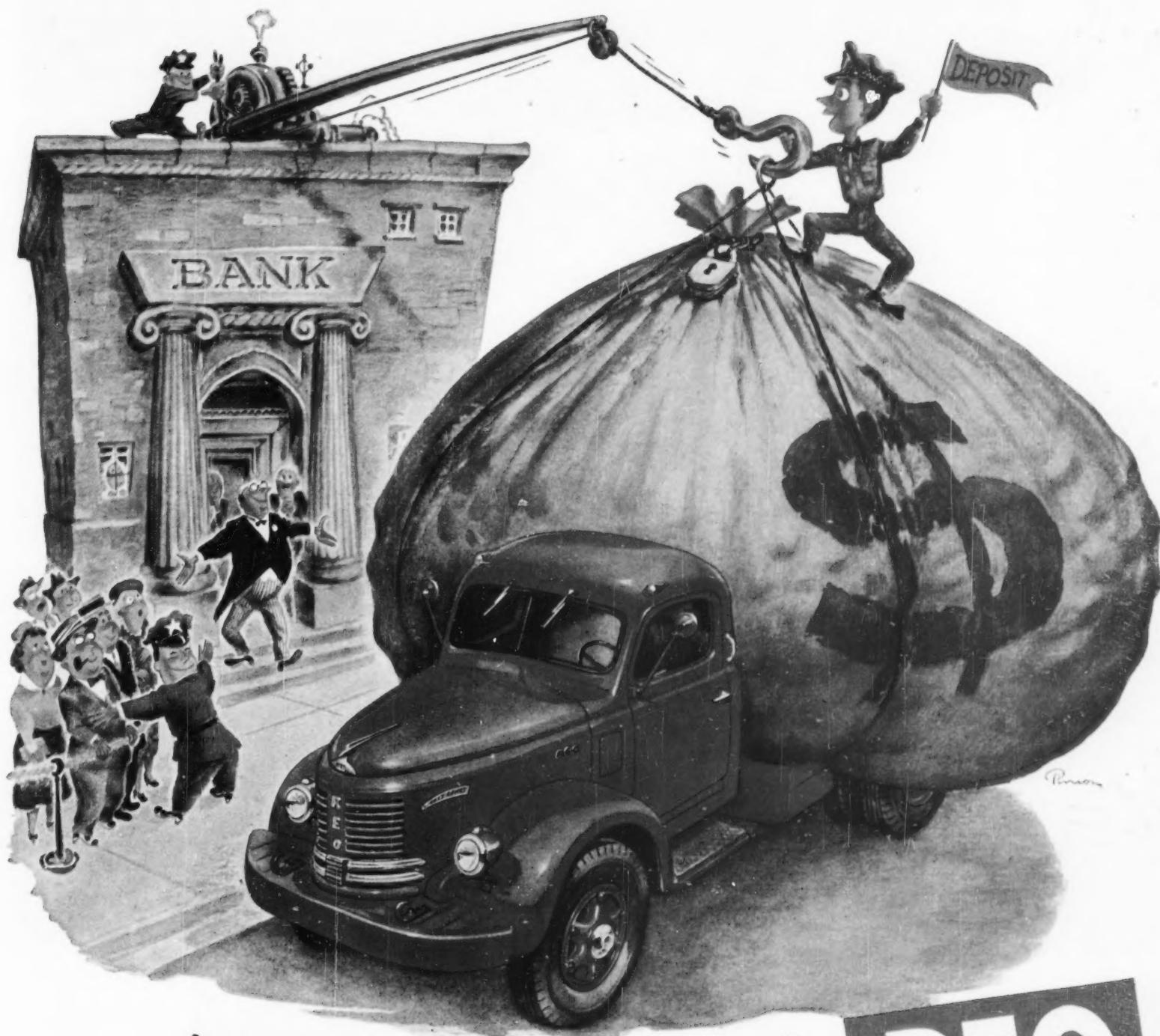
A Montreal businessman whose small daughter was visiting relatives in New York City decided to surprise her with a long-distance call. "Hello, Betty, this is Daddy talking all the way from Montreal," he began.

"Hello, Daddy," she answered.



"Sorry I can't talk to you now—I'm watching television." And she hung up.

A young farmer on a lonely Alberta homestead prepared for a bath by placing a big tin tub on the linoleum floor of the dining room and drawing the curtains that separated dining and living rooms. Just as he climbed in he heard his mother greeting relatives from Calgary. Planning to make his getaway through the kitchen he leaped from the tub, slipped on the soap and slid under the curtain to the feet of the visitors.



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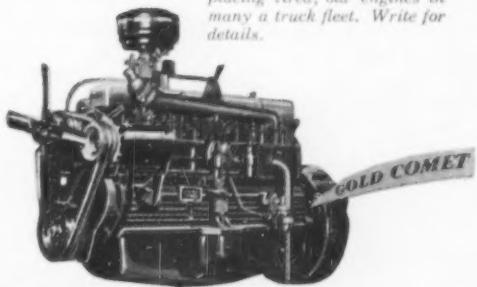
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Few things give the doctor a warmer glow than the increased hope which he can now offer to the child with epilepsy. Medical science has made a deep, searching, and sympathetic study of this disease . . . and from that study have come a new hope and a new outlook for many victims of this condition.

For example, important advances have been made in diagnosing epilepsy in both children and adults . . . notably the development and use of the *electro-encephalograph*. With this instrument the doctor can chart the electrical activity of the brain. This valuable information may point the way to the type of treatment that will bring the best result.

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Equally valuable are the anticonvulsant drugs which are of benefit in 70 to 80 per cent of certain types of cases . . . and which frequently stop epileptic seizures entirely. Dilantin® Sodium, created in the Parke-Davis laboratories several years ago, modernized treatment for this disorder. As a result of continued research, other drugs already developed are broadening the scope of therapy for epilepsy. Only the doctor can determine whether such drugs will prove beneficial in any particular case, and how they should be used.

Medicine alone, however, is not enough. The epileptic child especially needs the sympathetic,

understanding cooperation of his family, his teachers, his friends, and others with whom he associates. Given this cooperation and guidance—and continuing medical care—it is now possible to control this condition in many cases.

Such treatment is essential to the child's physical welfare. And, equally important, it offers the surest way of preventing or removing the emotional "scars" that are likely to develop over the years.

If you know a family in which there is an epileptic child, there is no greater service you can render than to bring them the reassuring message that: "Something *can* be done for the child with epilepsy."

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